

The Newspaper With the Circulation in Decatur's Trade Territory

Wise County Messenger.

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WHOLE NO. 157

Prisoners Write Letters Before Leaving for Pen

Thank Those Who Have Been Kind to Them, with Some Philosophy on "Man's Inhumanity to Man"

From H. W. VanZandt

It was a busy day in court that 26th day of July, 1911, at Decatur, when four cases of felony were heard, convicted and sentenced between the hours of 1:30 and 6:30 p. m., each being a separate case.

It was after a special grand jury had been called at the request of four inmates of the "county bastille" in order to keep the boys from waiting 6 months for trial.

Most of you know about the case of the writer who was accused of "forgery" and who had been brought back from Virginia to be tried.

He arrived here and then the officers found they had a "white elephant" on exhibition, as it would require bank cashiers from Utah, New York and Missouri to make it sure for the state and as none of these banks had lost money, it was a matter of doubt whether busy men could be induced to leave their business places and spend their time and money to help some men who have gotten rich by loaning you the depositor's money at usury interest.

Of course, the defendant could easily lay in jail for months and months, and then finally be dismissed for want of evidence. It meant persecution and not prosecution.

The state however "got wise" and concluded it had better take it could get and an agreement was reached and here he goes for two years to prison rather than lay in jail indefinitely. It shows how the officials make mistakes by biting off something that can't be "chewed".

If all the stories are true VanZandt got the big end of the club, \$400 of Banker Koonce's money and a "few" loose dollars otherwise which needed circulation. Of course much of the talk was "fiction" and some of the most startling was truth.

We wonder if Banker Koonce has discovered there wasn't any name signed to that draft which he claimed was "forged"? As there was no name "forgery" was impossible.

It matters not who turned the trick on him—it was done, and a court trial would have produced nothing—but it was the wait that was intolerable.

If anybody ever "stuck" us that way we'd never let the public "next" to our density. But that \$400 touch was more than he could bear, even for a "promised benedict."

It is to be regretted that the newspaper business is so poor in Boyd and Paradise, but when a lot of hypocrites in a community try to run an editor the editor sometimes "runs", and the whole community holds an empty bag. If either of those communities had had the forethought to spend as much money to support a local newspaper as they finally had for rewards, they would today be enjoying good local newspapers instead of being advertised as undesirable newspaper towns where the people can't read and do not advertise. A man can get as good support as that in the penitentiary if he publishes a newspaper, and he will be sure of his board and sleeping place with "loud clothes" and his washing thrown in. See?

The newspapers of those two "burgs" were heralded all over the state as extra good local papers, but they couldn't exist on sandstorms and compliments and the banks wanted their money, while the type foundry and paper men limit their credits.

Think this over reader, and see how soon you would "go broke".

The "men of God" in Paradise, ob-

jected to having men repent in the community, consequently there was only one other place to go, and that was to the Devil—but we never thought of it until afterwards, that they probably wanted "ye editor" to shovel the coal to keep the ice from freezing them to death, later. It is sure that Satan has a rich harvest among the hypocrites in that community.

Some men get their punishment on earth, and glory hereafter and this is no joke. We would prefer our "Paradise" with old St. Peter instead of "Paradise" on earth. Who wins?

Suppose we call the bet off and let the poor "preacher", go to—

In conclusion if Banker Koonce will mail us a check book and state the amount of Van Zandt's bank account the writer will return him a check for same and call the joke off, but until then a nameless draft will continue to help draw the banker's breath for some days to come.

Now regarding our stay in Decatur, Sheriff Faith and Deputy Branch, Attorney Ratliff, Judge Patterson the jury and many kindly disposed people have shown us consideration, kindness and the humanity side of life. The poet says, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn", and it is true too often in this "Christian" land of ours. But this is an instance where the poet "went wrong", so you can readily see all men are liable to make mistakes in life.

W. E. KING.

From Eph Huffman

To my friends and the public: Unfortunately I have "again" gotten into trouble, and am going to be on a "leave of absence" for a few months. A man never realizes who are his friends until he gets into trouble, therefore I wish to state to my friends and the public how I appreciate some things.

County Attorney Ratliff has treated me well in this matter and I appreciate the lenient prosecution and thank him most cordially.

I have but one complaint to make against the trial jury, and that is I was disappointed that they did not give that Comanche looking George Cantrell the full extent of the law, for if a man proves a traitor in one thing how can he be trusted in any other.

There is no limit as to what he would do. But, I thank you gentlemen for being friendly to me in this case, and my wish is that you may never know trouble.

Judge Patterson, I have probably been tried more times during your 26 years of incumbency in office than any other man in Wise county, and I believe you have always given me justice. Each of us now have a "foot in the grave" and I sincerely wish that this may be my last time in your or any other court. Thank you Judge Patterson and may you and yours ever prosper.

My neighbor and friend, Deputy Sheriff John Branch has certainly a warm heart, notwithstanding the illness and death of his dear babe while I was in jail awaiting trial, he was always a friend and ready to accommodate myself and the other unfortunate men in confinement. John I thank you because you have always proven to be a man with me.

Sheriff Faith likewise has been friendly to all of us and I wish him all that is good.

Last but not least, my attorney, Mr. McMurray. He gave me his best ad-

vice and I recommend him for his honesty as an attorney.

Do you realize friends what the sentence of two years means? I do! You are ignorant until it comes home to you. It matters not whether it is two years, ten years or more in prison, it is the same. Society does not keep its bargain with prisoners—neither by forgiving nor forgetting; but, instead pursues them to the end until all prison sentences are life sentences. In fact when a man enters the prison gate, there might as well be written over its portals as in the inferno of Dante: "All hope abandon ye who enter here," and this too, in a land where we are sending missionaries to the end of the world to better mankind.

Even since my first conviction, I have been dissatisfied. It was 23 years ago, and I should have known better than to have returned here, but it was home. It seemed I had to remain with my dear mother and sister who really needed me. They have been good to me and discouraged me from getting into trouble, God-bless them. But, today I feel, should I be allowed to live out this sentence, I shall be satisfied. I have found I could not drown my troubles with strong drink, as they could swim, and my health was injured. There were times when I would say to myself "vengeance is mine," and stop, I did not finish, and would then begin to realize I was selfish, but I am not so today, I have softened the hard spirit.

Many, many times have passed when I could have raised my hat and saluted, but it was too weighty under the selfishness that possessed me, as too many times it was to people who had persecuted by assisting in prosecuting me.

But friends—yes all of you—I am now satisfied that my lot was cast, and I submit without malice to any and charity for all. The world is prone to partake of the wisdom of experience and it is only after opportunities for good are passed when we pass up the love without the guide past and go wrong.

Forgive and forget is not so easy, but I have decided to that end whether society does or not.

E. R. HUFFMAN.

MORE RAILROAD NEWS

The following letter from H. F. Mitchell of Weatherford to our Mayor of Bridgeport, is, possibly, self explanatory:

"It has been quite awhile since I received your letter which was addressed to me at New York, City. In fact, it has been so long I guess you think I am not going to make any reply at all to this letter, but I did not want to write you another line until I could truthfully say that I had accomplished the proposition which I had gone there to close, and in order to do this it took every bit of my time while there.

"I was gone three months today, and at the time I left here really believed that I would not be gone longer than ten days or two weeks, but you see it has been much longer than that.

I want to say to you that I have arranged matters by which this railroad will be completed the entire distance from Gainesville to Brownwood, and want to say to you at the same time we can not begin this work anew with in the next four or five days, but in the very near future. This matter will all be adjusted, commenced anew and not closed down anymore until it is finished outright.

"I expect within the next ten days to be in your town with some parties that are directly interested in the promotion and completion of this railroad, and at that time I certainly will appreciate the opportunity of calling on you and having you meet these parties as they are going to expect to get acquainted with the people along the line from town to town the entire distance as they are putting their money in the project believing it to be a paying proposition, and you know yourself it is the duty of each and

Wm. Ganzer Predicts Big Results from Federal Work

Says Messenger is Contributing Assistance in the Great Work of Benefiting the Farmers of Wise

Denton, Texas, July 30.—Messrs. Collins & Smith, Decatur, Texas. Gentlemen—I beg to acknowledge copy of the Messenger with editorial on proposition to county commissioners' court. You certainly gave it a splendid writeup, for which please accept many thanks. I hope you will keep up agitation. I want to see the demonstration work thoroughly established in old Wise, for means to better the agricultural condition in general and individually.

In connection with the demonstration work from now on, we will have to take up "Soil Conservation," each government will be supplied with a field level to go out and show the farmer how to do terracing to keep the fertile soil from washing into the Gulf of Mexico. To accomplish this, and for each special agent to do the work systematically, we will have an expert to teach and go out in the field to give lessons in our next fall agents' meeting. This alone is worth

thousands of dollars to each county where the national government does the demonstration work.

In conclusion I beg to say, that in making my rounds over my district that sometimes it is almost wonderful to hear expressions like this, "I would not take a thousand dollars for what I have learned since I followed instructions." Others say "I have learned how to make more cotton and corn and other crops, and have bettered my condition materially," and many others in favor of scientific farming.

In connection with the boys' corn club work we will also organize boys' cotton clubs, and it will keep one man who has the welfare of the country and people at heart, very busy in one county.

Hoping that old Wise will come across with the \$400, and again thank you for your aid in this great work, with highest personal regards,

Very truly, WM. GANZER.

every property holder along the line to help and encourage men that are willing to come into your own state and invest their money in any kind of a needed enterprise. So you can tell anyone you see fit to talk to about this matter that, regardless of what they might think and the time it has taken to bring about this renewal, that this work will commence anew before a great while and will be carried on at just as rapid rate as possible. Thanking you for many past favors, I am, yours truly,

H. F. MITCHELL."

To County Superintendent.

The county superintendent of public instruction in each county is required by law to organize and hold a county teachers' institute of five consecutive days of seven hours each within the first four months of the scholastic year, and the teachers under contract in the county at the time the institute is held are required, under forfeiture of their certificates, to attend the full five days, for which attendance they are entitled to receive pay according to their contracts as though they were teaching. The county teachers' institute in Texas is therefore recognized as a part of the school work of the year; and it becomes the duty of the county superintendent to organize and direct that work so as to accomplish the greatest good to the schools, the main object of the institute being the improvement of the teaching in the schools.

A good program for the five days, dealing with the fundamental phases of the teacher's work and the more imperative needs of the schools of the county, should be carefully prepared with competent assistance and furnished to the teachers and the school trustees at least one month in advance of the date of the meeting. Where there are as many as fifty teachers in a county, the institute program should provide for a primary section, an intermediate section, and a high school section.

Lectures on subjects not pertaining directly to the work in the schools should be delivered in the evening and not during the seven hours set apart for institute work.

Do not hold the institute in the courthouse, if a schoolhouse is available. Remember that the institute

should be a good school for the quality of whose work the county superintendent is officially responsible. To hold the institute in the courthouse, without blackboards and apparatus, when a suitable schoolhouse is available is a confession on the part of the county superintendent that he does not appreciate the purpose and the work of the institute. The competent county superintendent should devote himself exclusively to the institute during the week, other official business being deferred to a more appropriate time.

Require the teachers to be present not only at roll call, as in some counties the case has been heretofore, but for seven hours each day, remembering that the county superintendent has no legal authority to grant a permit of absence to any teacher. In case of sickness or other misfortune, the teacher may not be able to attend, but failure from any other cause to attend 7 hours each day deprives the teacher of any pay whatever for the week. Sincerely yours,

F. M. Bralley,
State Superintendent.

The above rules will be strictly adhered to and teachers are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

The institute will be held the last week in Oct. It will not be in the courthouse. D. J. Simpson.

Street Car Conductor Cut In Shoulder

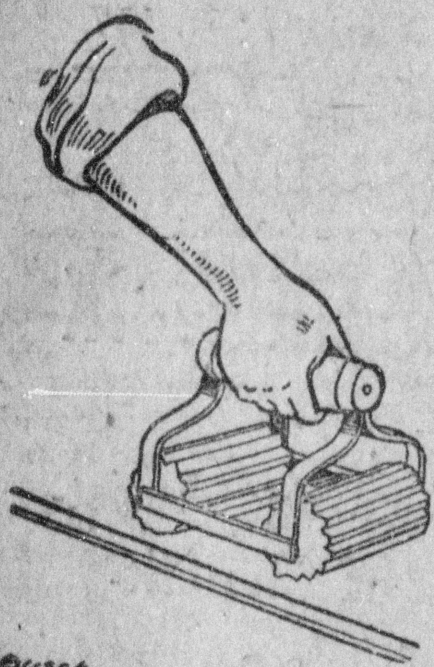
L. Myers, formerly of Chico, a conductor on the Lake View car line, in Fort Worth, was assaulted and stabbed by ruffians Friday night at ten o'clock. Myers was on his car and when it neared the end of the line, in the Lake View addition a man who had given him trouble earlier in the night arose and struck at him several times with a knife. Myers was struck only once, the blade entering his left shoulder, inflicting a painful wound. Before aid could be secured the conductor's assailant jumped from the car and disappeared in the darkness.

The road to prosperity is a good road when you get near the destination.

So much has been said about the forests that the trees are leaves-dropping.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Rollers Wash Fine Linen Without Injuring Fabric.



Busch.

The washing of linen fabrics without injuring them is not so easy as some people think. To get the soap-suds properly into the goods some vigorous rubbing is required, and whether a brush or only the hands are used there is apt to be damage. A Frenchman has designed a little apparatus that is said to solve the problem admirably. This is a pair of grooved wooden rollers set into a metal frame, with a handle at the top. The linen is first thoroughly soaked in soapy water and is then placed on an inclined board. The washer is then rolled over the fabric, with not too much pressure, but just enough to work the soap-suds into the goods. This operation distributes the pressure evenly and smoothly and prevents undue strain on any one part of the fabric.

Salmon Cutlets.

One can of salmon, one cupful of white sauce, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one egg. Pick over the salmon and remove skin, bones and oil. Mix the salmon and lemon juice, then stir in the thick white sauce. Turn out on plate to cool, divide in small portions and shape like cutlets. Beat the eggs slightly, roll cutlets in it, then cover thoroughly with fine breadcrumbs. Fry in deep hot fat till brown. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Thick white salmon sauce for salmon: Four level teaspoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of hot milk, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of pepper. Melt butter in saucepan until it bubbles, add the flour, salt and pepper, mix until smooth, then pour the hot milk in gradually, stirring and beating each time. Cook until it thickens.

Pork Cake.

One teaspoon of finely chopped salt pork, one cup of boiling water, one cup of molasses, four and one-half cups of flour, half a pound of raisins, one cupful of currants, half a teaspoon each of clove, nutmeg and cinnamon, two teaspoons of baking powder. Put the chopped pork into the mixing bowl, pour over it the boiling water, add the molasses and one cupful of brown sugar. Stir until well mixed. Put the spices into the flour, also the baking powder, and sift all together. Stir in one-half of the flour, then add the raisins and currants, then the rest of the flour. This keeps the fruit from sinking to the bottom. Bake in loaf tins, putting greased paper on the bottom.

Milk Soup.

Two fair sized Spanish onions, four to six potatoes, according to size, a little celery and about three crusts of stale bread. Cut the onions, potatoes and celery up and boil with the bread in about a quart of water till thick, stirring and adding more water if wanted. Boil slowly for about an hour, then rub all through a wire sieve. Add about one-half pint of boiling milk and pepper and salt to taste. Do not boil after the milk is added.

Fresh Pork Pie.

Take about a pound of lean fresh pork, grind it in food chopper, take three or four raw potatoes, grind those up with an onion, mix all together with just enough water to cook, put in a kettle and boil till it is done. Make a pie crust as for pies. Line deep pie plate, fill with the meat mixture, salted and peppered to taste. Put top crust on and bake until crust is brown (delicious). Add butter if wanted.

Sour Cream Cake.

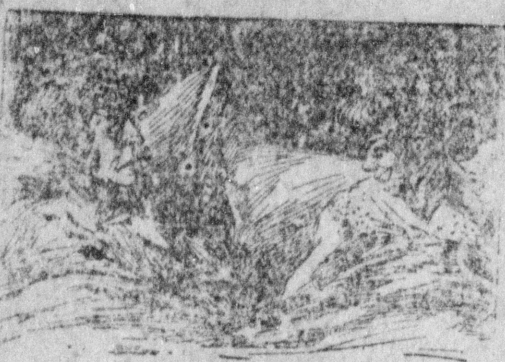
One egg well beaten, add one cup sugar and beat very light. Into one-half cup of thick sour cream dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda. When dissolved add egg and sugar. Into two meat cups of sifted flour sift one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one tes-

poonful of cornstarch and a pinch of salt. Add to first mixture alternately with one-half cup of sweet milk. Bake in quick oven.

Deviled Onions.

Mince six cold boiled onions fine, make a thick sauce of one teaspoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter and two-thirds of a cupful of milk. To this add the minced onion and finely mashed yolks of two hard boiled eggs, one tablespoonful chopped parsley and a seasoning of salt and paprika. Bake in small shells, fill with the mixture, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and brown.

In the Stilly Night.



"Harriet, was that an explosion in the subway?"
"Not I think it was Angela kissing George good night."

A Libelous Statement.

"Is it true that you have shooting crabs in this town?" a Cleveland asked, who was taking a vacation trip to the southwest.

"What you Easterners not over their heads yet?" sneered the bartender, who represented public opinion. "You fellows is sure plain ignorant. No, sir, there's jest such trouble as might befall you anywhere, no more and after even less, as the poet says."

"But I heard that Three Plumed Jack shot a man full of holes yesterday because the man refused to take a drink with him."

"That there's a huge libel on Jack and the community, which we are all prepared to avenge. It ain't so, stranger—there ain't a word of truth in it."

"Excuse me—but I saw the man be-

ing carried out."
"Suppose you did? Jack never shot him because he wouldn't accept a drink. No, sir, we're plenty civilized in this camp. Jack shot him because he wouldn't buy a drink, which is some different, and according to these eastern customs, stranger, it's your turn."—Cleveland Dealer.

The Girl's Handicap.

In her pretty new frock sister Mabel felt quite proud as she sat on the front step and watched some boys playing on the sidewalk.

After a time one little boy came up to talk to her and to admire in his rough little way her bright, shiny shoes and pink sash.

"See my nice square cut waist," exclaimed the girl, "and my nice coral beads! Don't you wish you wuz a girl?"

"No, stree," replied the boy. "I wouldn't want to be any girl at all, because lookie how much more neck you haf to wash."—Youngstown Telegram.

Never Said It.

"I hear you have been saying you would take great delight in attending my funeral."

"I have never said anything of the kind."

"I think I should prefer to believe the man who told me."

"Very well, believe him if you like, but I never said it. I should not think of permitting myself to be seen at your funeral."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How We Wish.

That we could hear her say, "My dear, the furnace fire has gone out again."

Or, "My dear, do please close that door. I've been nearly frozen all day."

Or even, "Are you never going to shovel off that snow?"

Or even this, "I've simply got to have a new set of furs."—Detroit Free Press.

A Serious Job.

"Wombat sent over to my house just now for my encyclopedia, all the poetry books I had and my history of the world in seven volumes."

"What does he want with all that literature?"

"Wants to name a pair of twins."—Washington Herald.

Hot Weather Horror.

"Snoodle, every time I see you nowadays you have just moved into some cheaper flat. What's the idea?"

"No idea at all, Gluppins. I'm merely following along the line of er—er—leased resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

Bad as Hatpins.

He (tired of dodging)—Would you marry a one eyed man?

She—Good gracious, no!

He—Then let me carry your umbrella.—Boston Transcript.

In the Soup.

New Boarder (as he gazes at the beautiful blond waitress)—You don't very often find hair like that!

Old Boarder—Oh, yes, von will!

FOR THE CHILDREN

Hoppy and Floppy.

Next door there lives a little boy With cheeks just like a poppy. I do not know his truly name, And so I call him Hoppy. When mother calls him from his play He hops up in a minute; If she has work for him to do He's eager to begin it.

If there's an errand to be run He hurries off to do it. If there's a hard thing to be done He hops his way right through it. There also lives a little girl In this same house with Hoppy. And her name, too, I do not know, But I have dubbed her Floppy.

Does mother call, straightway she flops Down on a chair or sofa Or creeps into a hiding place, Just like a little gopher. At sight of work she flops right down Wherever she is standing, "All tired out!" and only moves At mother's stern commanding.

Now, which of these two children Would you youngsters like to copy? If you live in my neighborhood I hope it won't be Floppy. —Sunday School Times.

The Kingfisher.

The kingfisher is the greatest digger of our birds. Deep into a sand or clay bank he digs until he has built a tunnel six feet or more long. He then hollows out a little underground room at the end, in which his mate lays her eggs. The kingfisher is much larger than a robin—a handsome bird, with a bluish gray back, a crested head and a white breast with a gray band across it. He is usually seen sitting on a tree or stump on the edge of the stream or lake where he gets his food. A ripple on the surface of the water shows a minnow swimming below, and down he dives, spearing it with his long, sharp bill. Then he flies back to his perch, shakes off the water and eats his catch. The Indians think the kingfisher stocks their lakes with fish. They say that when a kingfisher finds a lake without fish he catches one in another lake and drops it into the lake which has none.

Magic Milk.

It is not generally known to boys and girls that, though limewater is very clear and transparent as common spring water, if one chances to breathe or blow on it the liquid becomes as white as milk. The best way to try this experiment is to put some powdered quicklime into a bottleful of cold water. Shake thoroughly at intervals for a day. Allow the bottle to remain undisturbed for a day, when the clear limewater may be poured off from the sediment which will have gathered. Fill a wineglass or tumbler with the limewater and blow through the liquid with a piece of clean straw or a glass tube. In a few seconds the water will be turned into milk. This is a very amusing experiment, and its result is, of course, unerring.

Geographical Names.

"Smoky mountain," Mount Popocatepetl; "Gate of Tears," Strait of Babel-Mende; "Great river," Rio Grande; "Boat Destroyer," Amazon; "Foaming river," Ebro; "Vale of Paradise," Valparaiso; "Black mountain," Montenegro; "Long lake," Kennebec; "Tortoise islands," Galapagos; "Snow Clad range," Sierra Nevada; "Mother of Waters," Chesapeake; "Father of Waters," Mississippi; "Lake of Abundance," Memphremagog; "River of Joy," Guadina; "Wind Blown Cloud," Wabash; "Mountain of Light," Lichtenfels; "Rich lake," Balkal; "Fruitful mountain," Cerro Gordo; "Land of Dawn," Asia; "Swift Water," Talapoosa; "Prospect mountain," Montevideo; "Cat's Throat," Cattegat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Half a Ton of Honey.

Long ago, 150 years in fact, a way-side tavern was built in Massachusetts. By and by some wild bees, looking for a place to settle down in, swarmed into the garret. There they lived and stored honey, and there other hives set up housekeeping until there were fifty families. The people downstairs did not bother them, and so the bees lived happily and put aside honey for the rainy day that never came until a short time ago. Then the hotel was sold and torn down, and the wreckers found there was honey enough in the garret to feed a whole Sunday school. There was 1,000 pounds of it.

Letter to the King.

Flogging in the schools of Denmark was stopped because of the following letter, which King Christian found in his mail one morning:

"Dear King—We are four boys at Flakkebjerg school, and the master whips us every day with a piece of steel rope he found in the arbor. If he doesn't stop there will be a fire."

The king visited the school, dismissed the teacher and had the boys treated to cakes and chocolates at his expense. Then he warned all teachers to avoid corporal punishment, saying that they must not make ruffians of the boys by ruffianly treatment.

The man who doubts does not deserve to succeed.

Cooling as an Icicle

If you want to think of crisp winter weather and sparkling frost; if you want to forget the heat and the dust and the thirst, for real, cool comfort, drink

Coca-Cola

As sparkling, wholesome and refreshing as a spring house icicle. So next time you're hot or tired or thirsty, if you're anywhere near a place that sells Coca-Cola, go in and give yourself a real treat.

Delicious — Refreshing
Thirst-Quenching
5c Everywhere

Send for our interesting booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola."

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.



An Ice Tea Julep (Temperance)



Here is one of the most delightful, cooling and refreshing summer meal time beverages you ever tasted. A long glass, a lump of ice, a bit of sugar, a sprig of mint, a thin slice of lemon and cold tea made with

White Swan Tea

But be sure you use White Swan Tea; it has a delicacy of flavor, a velvety smoothness that blend exquisitely with the other ingredients. It is real tea.

Grocers Everywhere

sell White Swan Tea—four sizes in air-tight tins—10c, 25c, 40c and 75c. Should your grocer be one of the few who don't carry it write us for

A "Large Enough" Sample

We will, on receipt of your grocer's name and address and ten cents in stamps to pay packing and postage, send you a plenty large enough sample package for you to try it several times.

Waples-Platter Grocer Co.

Dallas — Denison — Ft. Worth 9-T

BRANCH HOUSES:
Gainesville, Tex.—Greenville, Tex.—Dublin, Tex.—Brownsville, Tex.—Stamford, Tex.—Hamlin, Tex.—Chillicothe, Tex.—Amarillo, Tex.—Ada, Okla.

FARM AND FIRESIDE

THE NATIONAL FARM PAPER

ESTABLISHED 1877

OCTOBER 19 1919



and the
Messenger
One
Year

\$1.25

SELECT CULLINGS

Reporting the Senators.

"I suppose that few of the thousands of visitors who go to the capitol stop to think about the work required of the stenographers who daily record the proceedings of the two houses," said an old time shorthand reporter. "There is no more nerve racking employment than that of taking down the debates in a legislative body. One of the oldest reporters told me that in his service of twenty-five years as a stenographer on the floor the average speed at which senators talk has increased from 140 words a minute to 175 words."

"My reporter friend tells me that the fastest talker in the senate is Clarke of Arkansas, who speaks at the rate of 230 to 250 words a minute. He is the hardest man in the senate for a stenographer to take, because he not only talks rapidly, but he has an impediment in his speech. When Senator Hale was in the senate he was the slowest talker, I am told. At this time the easiest men for the stenographers are Stone of Missouri and Cummins of Iowa. The latter is not only deliberate and slow in his speech, but he has the happy faculty of constructing his sentences properly. Senator Foraker when a member of that body was probably the easiest man in the senate for a stenographer. The Ohio man spoke rapidly, probably 200 words a minute, but he knew how to talk. His English was perfect. A stenographer did not have to stop and reconstruct his sentences."—Washington Post.

"Determination" For Dinner.

In her book, "The Suffragette," Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst tells this incident of a "hunger strike" by one of the "militants." "On being denied treatment as a political offender Miss Dunlop warned the governor of the prison that she should refuse to eat anything until she had gained her point. Though not possessed of the vigor and reserve force that belong to youth and of a fragile constitution, Miss Dunlop went cheerfully at her task."

"When she refused the ordinary prison fare, dainty food was placed in her cell and left there day and night. But if the temptation to touch it existed she was delivered therefrom. 'What are you going to have for dinner today?' the doctor would ask. 'My determination,' she would reply. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday passed."

"By Friday it was evident she would carry the hunger strike even to the gates of death. So on Friday evening she was set free. The fourteen women who had been sentenced the day of her release decided to follow her example."

No Secret Cure For Cancer.

The New York Medical Record, reviewing a recent article by Dr. E. F. Bashford on "Cancer, Credulity and Quackery," recently published in the British Medical Journal, notes that Dr. Bashford has described all the numerous cancer cures that have been exploited before the public and gives his conclusions: That a secret remedy for cancer is possessed by no man or woman; that if it existed its success would speedily cause all human endeavor to concentrate upon its divulgence, and no quack could retain it for himself alone. The form of treatment, which is public property—that is, removal by surgery—has nothing to fear, but much to gain by comparison with its only competitor—removal by caustics. These substitutions for the knife are summed up in the terms trypsin and radium and other actinic forces, also bichromate of potassium, formic acid, formalin and arsenic.

The Wrong Butt.

The last time President Taft was traveling in Texas he was invited to a dinner of bacon and boiled cabbage. The invitation was telegraphed from the citizens of a small town to the president's private car and was received by Captain Archibald W. Butt, the president's aid. After consulting with the president the captain telegraphed this reply:

The president accepts your invitation with pleasure.

BUTT.

This is the way the message read when the prospective hosts received it:

The president accepts your invitation with pleasure, but—

—Popular Magazine.

A Condensing Nebula.

It has long been suspected that many of the nebulae are in process of condensation into stars, and the famous "white nebula" in Andromeda has been thought by some to be actually a star cluster rather than a mass of gaseous matter. Recent spectroscopic study by Mr. Fath with the sixty inch reflector of the Mount Wilson Solar observatory indicates that this nebula gives spectra of the solar type and that it has really condensed, at least partially, into stars. Mr. Fath finds evidence of progressive change in the spectra of nebulae with change of form, and this progression indicates star clusters as the final prod-

uct.

Leather Roads.

Birmingham, England, has a road made of leather waste, which is judged to be a complete success. There had been no use for the waste leather until somebody conceived the idea of roadmaking with it. It was first shredded into fine bits and then treated with bitumen and tar. The road has been in existence for a year and shows but few signs of wear. Moreover, it makes a comfortable footing for horses.—New Orleans Picayune.

A BASHFUL MAN'S LOVE STORY

How He Came to Win the Girl of His Choice.

"Henry Teale is a gawk!"

I heard the words across the garden wall. I am Henry Teale. The speaker was Kate Harker, who was talking with her cousin, Marion Drowne.

"But he knows things," replied Marion.

"What matters it if he does. He is too bashful and reserved to tell what he knows. There isn't a girl in the place who doesn't dread to be left alone with him."

"Don't you think some of them might overcome their aversion if he should suddenly become wealthy?"

"I don't think I could stand him if he were worth!"

I was lying in a hammock in the back yard reading. I got up and went into the house, but as this scrap of conversation occupied but a few moments I could not very well avoid hearing it. To do myself justice, I did not wish to hear myself discussed. Kate Harker's remarks were intensely painful to me, so painful that I resolved to leave the place of my birth and go forth into the great world, hoping to forget them.

I did not forget them, but I had the sensitiveness knocked out of me very quickly. I made money, made it out of nothing, and to do this I was obliged to master my feelings. "To those who have shall be given," and by the death of an aunt I inherited a fortune. I owned the little tumbledown house with the acre of ground about it in which I had lived with my mother, and since she was no longer living I resolved to go back and dispose of it. The day after my arrival I rigged a hammock in the back yard and lay down in it with a cigar and a book. Pretty soon I heard voices over the wall.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes; I was peeping through the blinds when he came."

I recognized the first voice as that of Marion, the second as that of Kate. This was all I heard, for the two girls passed out of hearing.

In the evening I called on my neighbor. Kate Harker received me as if I were her oldest and best friend, making no attempt to conceal the favor I had found in her eyes since she had pronounced me a gawk. Marion was very reserved. Indeed, had I been as unsophisticated as when I had heard her say "But he knows things!" I should have concluded that she had turned against me. But a man can't make money without gaining a knowledge of human nature. I suspected that Marion now held aloof from a feeling that since I had become a desirable "catch" it was not her place to court me.

"You young ladies must be more careful as to your words," I said. "Before I went away I overheard a scrap of conversation with regard to me that gave me great pain."

Both looked at me uneasily.

"You two were talking in the garden. One said, 'He's a gawk!' the other, 'But he knows things!'"

The two girls looked at each other inquiringly.

"I remember no such conversation," said Kate. Marion was silent.

"Do you, Marion?" I asked.

"No, but candor compels me to say that at that time the criticisms were just."

"The first surely was, though I am not so certain about the second. But the justness of it all could have no effect on a boy of nineteen. I have for years felt harshly toward the one who called me a gawk and kindly to her who said 'But he knows things!'"

"Then you recognized their voices," said Kate, paling slightly. "Tell us who called you a gawk."

"I may have attributed the remark to the wrong girl, but to whomsoever I toss this pin let her stand accused." Taking a pearl pin from my scarf, I tossed it to Marion.

The distress on Marion's face was painful to see. Kate blushed, and the guilty look on her face was equally distressing. She struggled with herself to take the blame that she knew belonged to her, but without success. I waited to see if Marion would place it where it belonged, but she did not. She handed my pin back to me.

"Keep it as a token that you are for-

given," I said.

But she was resolute, and I at last placed the jewel again in my scarf. I waited a week, leaving the girls free, the one to assume her just burden, the other to place it upon her friend. I paid Kate marked attention and treated Marion with indifference. I had learned selfishness myself, but admired that sense of honor which prevented Marion from throwing the blame on Kate. Meanwhile I took satisfaction in Marion's distress. The fact of having called me a gawk was nothing to her discredit. I knew that it was the loss of my favor that pained her.

"Marion," I said one day, "have you repented having called me a gawk?"

She gave me no reply.

"Well, you had better dismiss the matter from your mind. In the first place, I was not only a gawk, but a ninny. In the second, it was not you who spoke the word, but Kate. In the third, I love you and want you to go back with me as my wife."

So indignant was she at the pain I had given her that she kept me waiting a year and then only consented on condition that I apologize.

"The last time I met you you had a scheme that you were sure would make money."

"Yes; I remember."

"Did you ever put it through?"

"Didn't have to—it fell through."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Love is blind," so poets sing,
But a cynic bachelor wight
Says that marriage is the thing
That will restore the sight.

—Chicago News.

Willie—Pa?

Pa—Yes.

Willie—Teacher says that we're here to help others.

Pa—Of course we are.

Willie—Well, what are the others here for?—Pittsburg Post.

There was a man who gained a prize
And shared the statesman's glories.
He did not deal in sayings wise,
He just told funny stories.

—Washington Star.

A workman was suing the Swift Packing company in a Kansas City court.

A colored witness was called. "Did you work at the plant?" he was asked.

"Yassir."

"What were your relations with them?"

"Now, look here," said the witness. "I'm black and they're white. They ain't no relations of mine."—Cleveland Leader.

RIISING IN BUSINESS.

The Road to Success Is Easy For the Exceptional Employee.

Mr. Carnegie says: "The most valuable acquisition to his business which an employer can obtain is an exceptional young man. There is no bargain so fruitful."

By the exceptional young man Mr. Carnegie means the one who is always looking out for his employer's interests, the young man who keeps his eyes open, who is always trying to make suggestions for improvements in the business, who is always studying for some better, simpler, more efficient way of doing things.

The exceptional boy or young man is the one whose main ambition is to help along the business, to further his employer's interests in every possible way; the one who stays after hours during the busy season to help out wherever he can. The exceptional young man is one who when any emergency arises in the concern has a valuable suggestion for its solution. The exceptional young man is the one who settles difficulties among the other employees without rupture, who is always trying to avoid friction, to keep peace and harmony in the firm. He encourages the dull boy or the boy who cannot seem to get hold of the business. He is always ready to give a lift whenever needed and gives a word of cheer to the discouraged. The exceptional young man is the one who is always on the alert for business, who is so polite and attentive and obliging to his customers that everybody wants to deal with him; who makes friends for the firm, who adds dignity to the house.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Animal Thieves.

There was found in the Tyrol, part of the Austrian empire, a swallow's nest lined with several banknotes, each worth \$2. At about the same time a butcher in Dornbirn found the nest that a mouse had made out of ten banknotes, worth \$4 each. These notes, unlike those used by the swallows, had been chewed to pieces, but the butcher was able to redeem them at the bank.

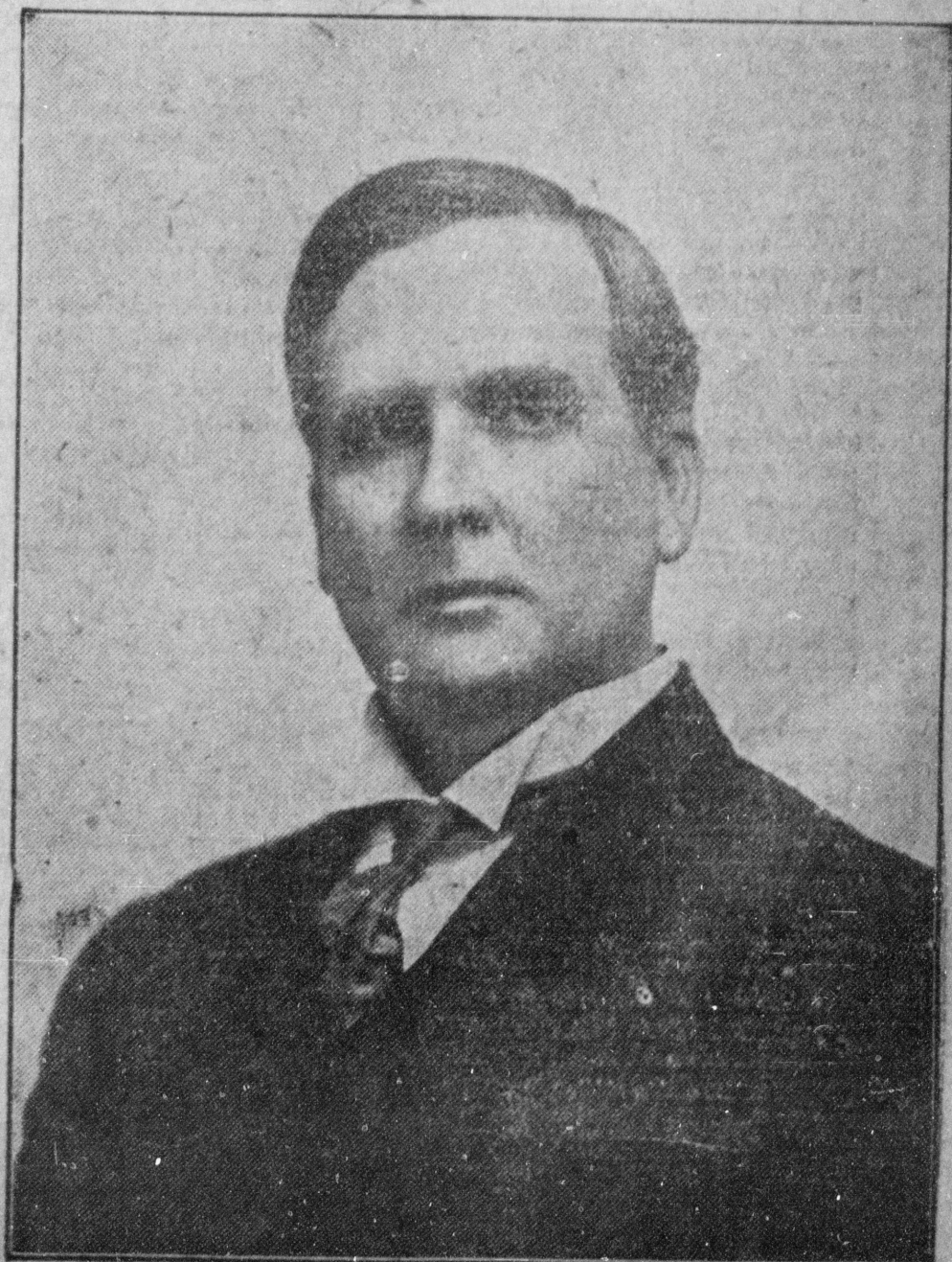
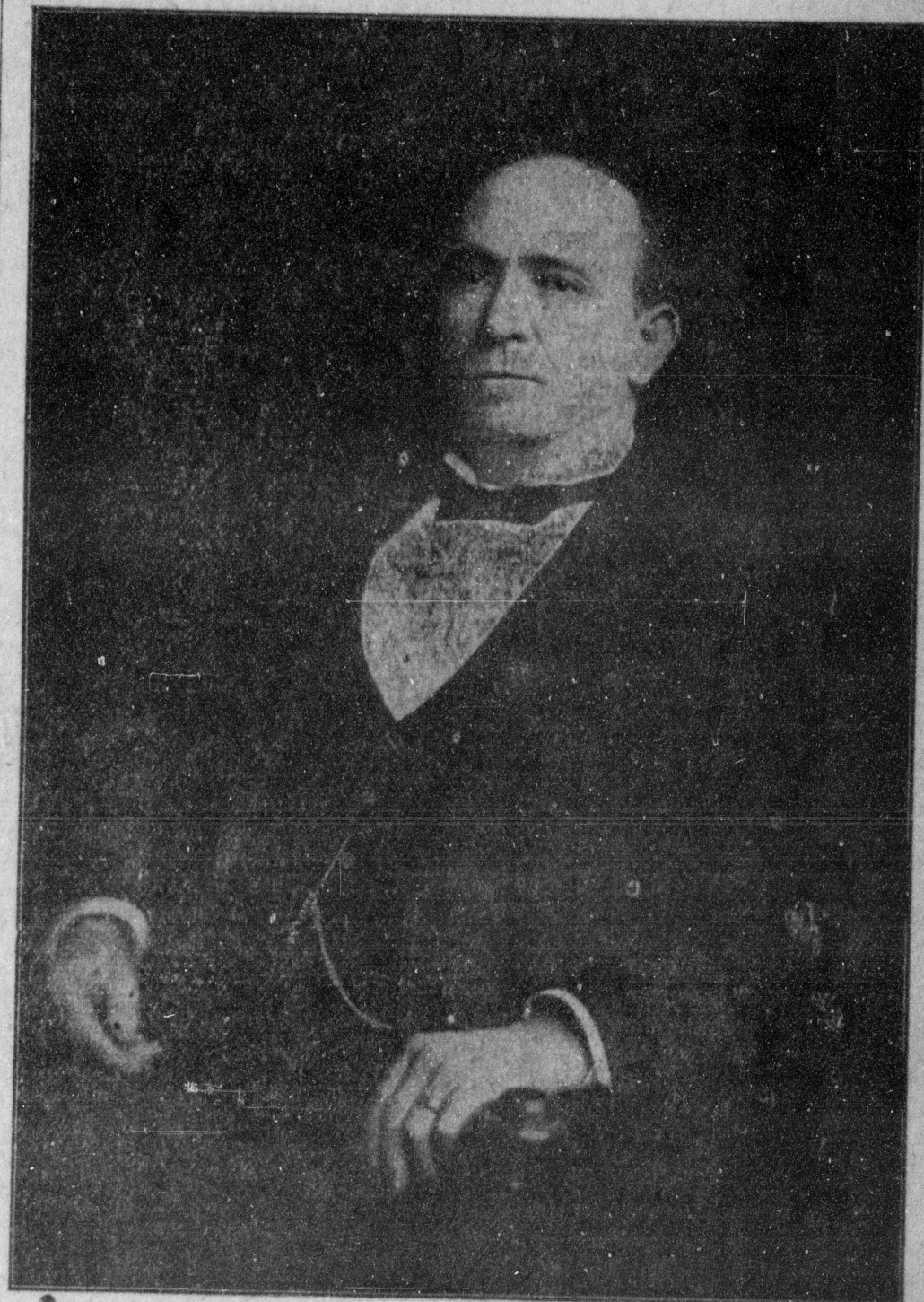
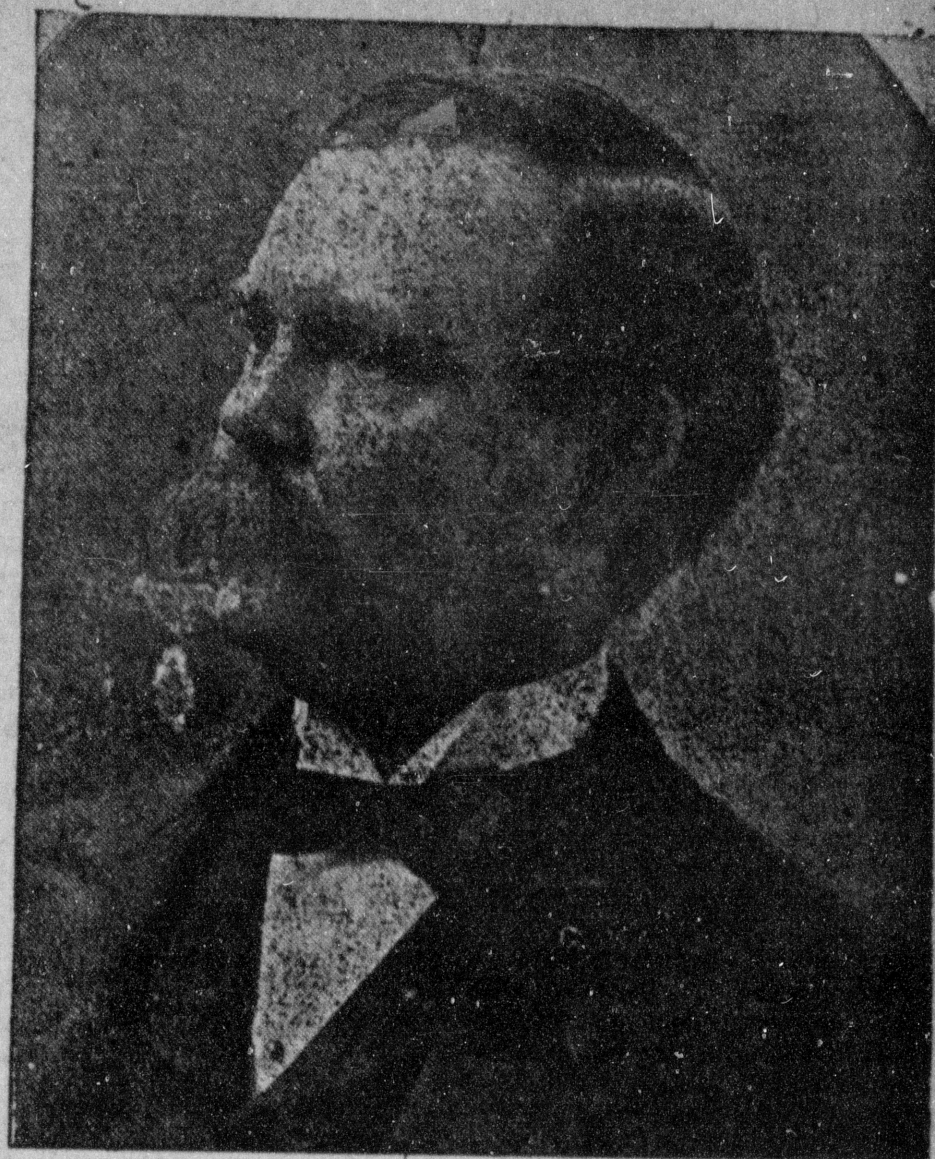
Heaven.

Our word heaven comes from the verb "heave" and means that which is heaved or raised up.

Japanese Dogs.

Japanese dogs are almost destitute of noses, having the nostrils set directly in the head.

These Men are Worrying the Liquor Interests



WISE COUNTY MESSENGER

ESTABLISHED 1880.
COLLINS & SMITH

Entered at the Decatur, Texas, postoffice as second class mail matter.

DICK COLLINS
MARVIN B. SMITH, }

Editors and Proprietors

Friday, August 4, 1911.

Mr. Advertiser, Circulation Counts With You

In Decatur's Trade Territory it is the Messenger with the Purchasing Public

Let the present lieutenant governor say "good bye" to his political influence in Texas.

The state senate started off in style by electing the Wise county senator president pro tem.

Poindexter or Cone Johnson will gum the cards, sure, if entered in the game against Colquitt.

Don't allow the Bailey issue to ball you up. One fight at a time. At present, it is the alleged governor of the state we want to down. Again, Ball, Campbell or Ramsey.

Hill of Denton, got in the steam-roller's path, and before he could flop the roller had him. One flip, one flop too many for the "statesman" from Denton. Poor Fitz.

Sam Sparks, state treasurer, is Little Oscar's successor, so say the liquor interests. They want their little man succeeded by a "littler" one.

No, Bud, the most devout christian is not always found occupying the front seat in the choir. Frequently the most brazen hypocrit is perched there; it is a splendid view point, the congregation can be taken in minutely and much food for gossip can be garnered.

This ticket has been suggested to the Messenger, and we give it to our readers. For governor, Tom Ball; United States senator, T. M. Campbell; lieutenant governor, Cullen Thomas; attorney general, Jewel P. Lightfoot; congressmen at large, Wm. Poindexter and Cone Johnson.

Our senator, C. V. Terrell, has been elected president pro tem of the senate, which is proof positive that that body of lawmakers appreciate ability and want a fair deal when the regular occupant of the chair is out. Terrell is a big man, and the Messenger congratulates the senators in selecting Wise county's sop for the place.

Lawrence Miller has quit the newspaper business at Olney. He is now engaged in the auto transfer business in that town. The Enterprise, by Editor Schuffler, is Olney's one paper since Miller quit the business.

Now watch "Little Oscar" and his organs make the effort of their lives to swing to Senator Bailey when the next gubernatorial fight opens, and watch the senator shake them. Colquitt can see his finish with out some assistance from Bailey, and the men who are close to the senator know the assistance is not coming.

Lieutenant Governor Davidson has ruled that all prohibitionists should get out of the democratic party. Jno. Massey of this city, who followed the fortunes of Gen. Bob Lee and surrendered with him at Appomattox, says that he has been with the old party a long time and dislikes the idea of being "read out" by a little tin politician at this late day.

Several of Denton's city school trustees have resigned their positions because some of the Denton citizens desired to take over the work allotted to the board. The trustees believed in competency, while the citizens wanted sentiment and sympathy to rule in selecting teachers. Sentiment, sympathy and old friendship is rampant in some school boards, to the serious hurt of the schools, and we admire President Witherspoon and others of the Denton school board who have resigned rather than allow tact to over-ride talent in the Denton schoolma'm.

The peoples' paper—Wise County Messenger.

FORGIVENESS.

By Rev. J. L. Ward.

Dear Savior, thou dost bid me love
My foe who hates me from the heart;
All wrongs endured I must forgive,
If in Thy mercy I have part.

A wicked heart that knows not thee
Returns in kind the wrongs received;
It finds delight in enmity,
In taking vengeance is relieved.

A heart from thee that knows the why
Of evil in the sons of men
Is melted into sympathy
The suffering from another's sin.

A heart from thee that knows no hate,
But wishes all a righteous crown,
Is wont always to mourn the fate
Of those whom sin is dragging down.

A heart from thee that knows the peace
Of being washed from every stain
Desires each sin-trapped soul's release
And longs to lift it up again.

My heart, O, Savior, guard and keep
Lest unforgiveness hid therein,
Should rob me of thy pardon's peace
And bring thy rod upon my sin.

The Texas crop 1910, is valued at \$247,880,000, and of this amount, \$214,520,000, represents lint, and \$33,360,000, the value of the seed. The 1910 crop is the most valuable crop ever produced in Texas, surpassing the 1906 crop, its nearest rival by \$24,330,000.

The merchant has elaborate show windows, and a decorated store in order to bring trade to that store. On the same principle, good streets, permanent sidewalks, attractive yards both, front and back, draw people to a city or town. In addition to the business features, there is of course a satisfying civic pride when these things are attained.

Aid the farmer in building good roads, thereby assisting him in getting better schools and churches. Forty miles of good roads, leading out of different directions from a town is worth more to a town than a big factory or a new railroad.

Help the farmer by creating a market for his products, and thus putting more money into circulation. Encourage the farmer to raise better crops, breed better stock and to become more self reliant. Help him to farm more by brain and less by brawn.

The McKinney Commercial Club has recently had fifteen large trash cans made for use throughout that city, and have placed them on the leading streets for the purpose of encouraging the residents in keeping the city clean. The cans were paid for by the advertisements of local merchants, one of which was placed on each of the four sides of the cans.

If the statistics were available probably it would be found that 65 per cent of the men who enjoy smoking a pipe before breakfast could also eat pie at breakfast.

Probably the worst thing about being a happy-go-lucky man is havig to go on foot.

The tunnel made it possible for man to undergo the Alps, but the airship will enable him to overcome them altogether.

The man who yells at the top of his voice to his horses is giving them sound advice.

Since Dobbin has found that the auto is a friend to him he has quit shying at it.

The pessimist is getting as scarce in rural districts as the mossback farmer.

Referring to a woman as being on the shady side of 40 is likely to ruffle her sunny disposition.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

Striped Foulard Gown.

A combination of striped and plain materials, which is suitable for either a foulard, percale or lawn dress, is illustrated here. The round neck may



SMART YOKED GOWN.

be supplemented by a lace or embroidery gumpie or may be worn low. The elbow sleeves have deep turned back cuffs ornamented with lace or embroidery. The yoke and the double flounce are made of the plain fabric.

For the Swimmer.

These suggestions may be of benefit to swimmers who have trouble with water getting in the ears or wetting the hair.

Saturate a bit of lamb's wool with either vaseline or olive oil for the ear. Water never penetrates the oiled wool. Take a piece of chamois eight inches square, fold in half, sew tape on ends of each folded half. Place chamois at nape of neck and tie firmly around head before putting bathing cap on. This prevents water from reaching hair, as it will not soak through chamois.

CHINA SILK NOW USED FOR WAISTS

Is More Comfortable For Summer Than Muslin.

When the real hot weather comes in women cry out for clothes that do not carry starch. Flour and water mixed to a paste and stiffened by a hot iron is as hot as a porous plaster. It can keep every breath of air away from the body.

Blouses and frocks that call for it are all very well on days with moderate weather, but during weeks of the kind of temperature that we have been treated to recently we want something that is limp. China silk serves this need, and it is much in demand for one piece frocks and for separate blouses.

Those who make a uniform of white duck and linen skirts with thin blouses for all the warm weather days have gone in heavily for plain white plaited waists instead of the muslin ones. The silk washes well, irons with little trouble, and does not wrinkle and crush like a material that owes its body to starch.

Another reason for the use of silk shirt waists is that they can be so easily carried in a dress suit case for an overnight visit. Muslin that has embroidery or lace needs careful packing and it invariably gets crushed before it is worn; china silk folds into a small space, and if it is not put away when damp it comes out minus wrinkles. Even if there are a few in it by accident, they shake out.

Feeding the Chickens.

Protein is needed to produce feathers, flesh and eggs. Since feathers and flesh are produced before eggs, it is necessary to feed the birds a great deal of food rich in protein to increase the production of eggs. Wheat, insects or meat, meal, oats and such feeds are needed to provide protein.

FLOWERS FADE



BUT MONEY IN THE BANK

KEEPS ON GROWING

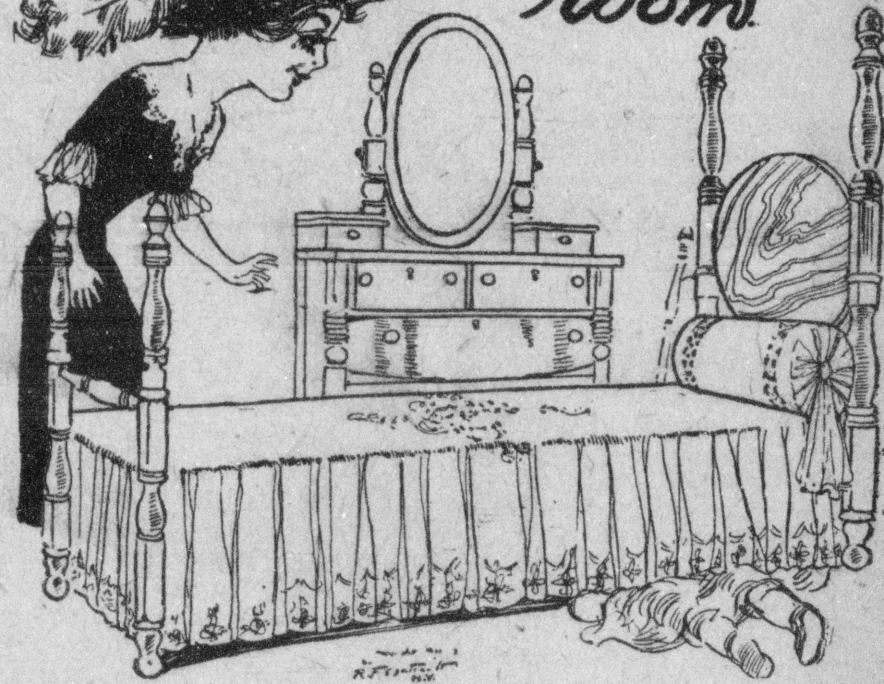
Copyright 1909, by C. E. Zimmerman Co.--No. 16

TAKE all the beautiful things in life. The flowers—they wither away and die—youth departs, and our joys vanish. But there is one thing upon which time leaves no corroding mark—money. Let's have some growing.

Deposit your savings in this bank, and as they increase your prosperity increases.

The First National Bank
DECATUR, TEXAS

Get a new bed room set for the spare room.



DEAR AMY:—

Laura and her husband stayed with us last night. How she praised the furniture in our spare room! You feel like having your friends come to visit you if your home is beautifully furnished throughout, don't you?

When you go to buy furniture, you should not only know that the style is right, but that it is strongly made; and you should go to an honest store where you will know that the price is right.

Always your friend,

LOU.

P. S.—The style, quality and price will all be right, and you'll have a big stock to choose from if you buy your furniture from

PENINGER, HELM & DILLEHAY

The State of Texas

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Wise County greeting: E. M. Barnes, guardian of the estate of W. P. Barnes, a lunatic, having filed in our county court his final account of the condition of the estate of said W. P. Barnes, a lunatic numbered 1180 on the probate docket of Wise county, together with an application to be discharged from said guardianship.

You are hereby commanded, that by publication of this writ for twenty days in the Wise County Messenger, a newspaper printed in the county of Wise, you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for final settlement of said estate, to appear and contest the same if they see

proper so to do, on or before the October term, 1911, of said county court, commencing and to be holden at the court house of said county, in the city of Decatur on the first Monday in October, A. D. 1911, when said account and application will be acted upon by said court.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, at my office in the city of Decatur this 29th day of July, A. D. 1911. J. P. WILLIAMS, Clerk county court Wise county. A true copy, I certify: SAM FAITH, Sheriff, Wise county.

The pictures that are now being shown at the Majestic are all extra good, and you should not miss them.

The Messenger.

NEW DENVER SCHEDULE

Arrive at Decatur

NORTH BOUND	SOUTH BOUND
No. 3—9:25 a. m.	No. 8—5:18 a. m.
No. 1—11:18 a. m.	No. 6—6:18 a. m.
No. 5—8:32 p. m.	No. 2—4:28 p. m.
No. 7—11:55 p. m.	No. 4—3:15 p. m.

News of Town and County

"Superior" and "Albatross" flour
Subscribe for your home paper.

Edd Woodruff, of Corsicana, was here Sunday.

Money to loan on land. J. E. Boyd & Son.

Sam Renshaw was in Rhome Sunday.

W. L. Dallas will save you money on your supplies.

Manual Cobbin is here from Floydada.

Regular \$1.50 self-wringing mops, 75 cents at Lillard & Co.

Miss Marion Potter, of Bowie, is the guest of friends here.

The young ladies gave a dance Monday night in the club rooms.

Grady Hayter was in Dallas Sunday.

Miss Effie McConnell left Tuesday for a visit to relatives in Sunset.

Mrs. Jack Cates entertained Tuesday with a 6 o'clock tea.

Just think 10 qt. granatwater bucket, for 50c. J. N. Crabtree & Co.

Jess Carpenter was here from Bridgeport Tuesday.

Mrs. S. S. Cobb has returned to her home in Dallas.

Mrs. J. M. Sweeton of McKinney, was the guest of Mrs. Tom McMurray this week.

Mrs. Wm. Speer, of Tyler, visited friends here this week.

Sam Faith, Dr. Reeves and Glenn Russell were in Ft. Worth Tuesday.

Ed Neeley and family have returned from a visit to Gainesville.

Henry Golaz was here from Paradise Tuesday.

Every farmer needs one of those farm pump engines sold by Peninger, Helm & Dillehay.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Christal of Guthrie, Texas, July, 28, a girl.

W. B. Splawn and daughter, of Greenwood left Tuesday for a visit to Herford.

Mrs. Mary Harris is visiting in Provenca, Okla.

Rev. J. W. Bailey was in Slidell this week.

M. B. Smith is on a visit to Loveland, Okla.

J. B. Green was here from Bridgeport Monday.

Ask to see the \$1.50 wash skirts at Bellah & Sons for only 98c.

Linn Mann was in Bridgeport this week.

W. L. Mann left Monday for a visit to South Carolina.

If you are out of water get a Fuller & Johnson pump engine from Peninger, Helm & Dillehay.

Emmett Ford, of Eldorado, Okla., was here Monday.

D. J. Randolph is on a visit to Georgia.

Joe Hill was in Dallas this week on business.

Mrs. L. H. Reeves and daughter, have been attending the Baptist encampment at Lampasas.

Mrs. P. O. Sanders of Ft. Worth, was in the city this week looking after her property interests.

Mrs. F. A. Rosser is on a visit to relatives and friends in Dallas.

Attend the Majestic to-night, good pictures and good music.

Mrs. John Rector and children have returned from a visit to Memphis.

Regular \$1.50 self-wringing mops, 75 cents at Lillard & Co.

Miss Edna Wolfe is visiting in Chico.

Get one of those little farm pump engines from Peninger, Helm & Dillehay.

Austin Leach, Earl Boone, and R. Graham, were here Monday from Alvord.

Trabue Carswell will return Thursday to New York City.

For the finest bread made use Superior and Albatross flour at W. L. Dallas.

Mrs. J. P. Williams has returned from a visit to relatives at Bridgeport.

If you want a loan on your land, see J. W. Bailey.

Mr. Paschall Brown and Mrs. Eethel Brown were married Monday night, Rev. J. L. Ward officiating.

Be sure and come to the Majestic to-night. Extra good pictures.

Miss Jessie Holloman, of Abilene, is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Lory D. White.

Dave Kerr was in the city Wednesday from his farm northwest of town, and he says the grass is coming in splendid shape since the recent rain.

Sheriff Sam Faith arrested Ed Palmer, south of Newark, Tuesday and he is now in jail, charged with a serious crime.

Better get one of those 17 qt. granate dish pan for 50c each while they last at J. N. Crabtree & Co.

Large crowds are attending the protracted meeting at the tabernacle near the Methodist church.

E. A. Harrison, W. R. Riley, T. B. Roberts and Mayor Crawford were here Tuesday from Bridgeport.

Misses Linnie Thompson and Edith Cauer, of Ft. Worth, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson.

Mrs. Ed Lively, of Greenwood, died at her home last Saturday. The remains were interred in the Sycamore cemetery.

Company G 3rd Infantry, T. N. G. under Capt. K. W. Read, leave next Sunday afternoon for Camp Mabry, at Austin.

Rev. L. S. Barton, Outler Gose and Will Rush returned Tuesday from attending the Lakeside assembly at Wichita.

Mrs. Clyde McMurray entertained a few friends with a six o'clock dinner at her country home Friday evening.

The Wise County Baptist association meets in three days' session at Alvord beginning Aug. 9th. A large delegation will attend from Decatur.

Miss Grace Cartwright, who has been attending school here during the past session, returned to her home in Hughes Springs last week.

Editor Walker, of the Bridgeport News, was a pleasant caller at our office Saturday. He reported business good in his town.

Lem Hoyl's new home on South Trinity street is nearing completion, and it will be one of the most beautiful residences in the city when finished.

Bran and chops are entirely too high to feed hogs; then buy some of that "hog flour" from the Lillard Milling Co.

Merchants who patronize foreign printing houses must not expect their local papers to criticize the man who buys from the mail order house.

Ed Blythe, the Majestic motion picture showman, is suffering from an operation he had performed on his right eye.

John Branch returned Monday from Huastville, where he had conveyed Messrs. H. W. VanZandt, Eph Hoffman, Jim Williams and George Cantrell to the state penitentiary.

We would like to call your attention to some special bargains in granatware. See our windows. J. N. Crabtree & Co.

Those Odd Fellows who attended the semi-annual meeting at Slidell on the 1st, state it to be one of the biggest and most enjoyable affairs the association has ever held in the county. This is a splendid order and the membership in the county is on the increase at all times.

Decatur Redbirds were defeated by Boyd at Rhome last Saturday, score 6 to 1. West, for Decatur pitched a winning game but owing to the support he received was unable to win. Batteries, Decatur Fields and West, Boyd, Jones and Jones. Hits off of West 2, Jones 3.

The Bridgeport ball team came here and played two games with Joe Bailey-Sweetwater team last Friday and Saturday. Friday's game was won by Joe Bailey by score 4 to 3, ten innings. Saturday's game was won by Bridgeport 4 to 2.

Keep your hogs; feed them that cheap flour, manufactured for the purpose by Lillard Milling Co. It is the best feed on the market and the cheapest.

Station Agent Sherwood is off on his vacation and his many friends in Decatur hope he will enjoy every minute of it he is popular with our people, and is a man handsomely equipped for the position he so creditably fills for the Denver road.

See the Messenger's line of calendars; the best line ever displayed in Decatur, and the prices are all a little lower than the big city houses have been furnishing them to you.

Hog meat will in all probability be as high as the proverbial cat's back this fall and winter; come in for your share of the big profits by keeping your hogs and feed them that cheap grade of flour the Lillard Milling Co. offers you.

Miss Ruth Christal entertained the WeDelve club Tuesday afternoon at her home on West Main street. Most all the members were in attendance at this meeting and they report this to be one of the most enjoyable gatherings the club has had this season. Several visitors were present.

The ladies' cemetery society will meet next Tuesday afternoon at the district courtroom, and all members are requested to be present as the annual election of officers will take place at that time. Visitors are invited to be present.

Onie Brisco, Foster Covener, Shelly Allen, Ira McKee, charged with theft, were sentenced to the house of correction at Gatesville.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Five Cents per line per week

LOST—A solid gold link cuff button, chip diamond in center; Friday night between court house and parsonage on North Trinity street. Return to this office.

FOR next 60 days I will sell windmills at absolute wholesale cost. I will surprise you. J. Chas. Davis.

LOST—Dog collar, Cleburne dog tag tag on same; the name 'Prince Cobb' in script on plate attached on collar. Leave at this office.

LOST—Between north Decatur and reunion grounds, Wednesday of last week, black leather handbag containing two small purses, in one of which was \$2 in silver; other purse held calling cards of Mrs. H. H. Holtzclaw; nail file, etc. in bag; reward, return to Messenger office or Mrs. J. G. Short, Bridgeport.

LOST—Strayed or stolen; one motley faced steer yearling, last Friday from stock pens. Glen Russell, Decatur.

RAG CARPET—I have 30-yards new rag carpet which I will sell for 40c per yard.—Miss Mattie Smith, Independent, 'Phone.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—153 acres black prairie land, 4 miles south of Decatur; 110 acres in cultivation, 4 room house, barn, good well water, windmill; \$30 per acre if taken in next thirty days.

LOST—Clergy permit of K. R. Isbell; small book, very important; between Paradise and Decatur, July 22, return to this office, or K. R. Isbell, Paradise.

WANTED—Ladies and girls to label cans. Apply at once National Food Co., D. H. Payne, manager, Decatur.

FOR SALE—40 a sandy land 1 1/2 mi west of Decatur no Johnson grass, good well of water, 5 room house, young orchard, price \$750.00. See D. A. Hogue, owner. (4 wks pd)

298 acres black prairie land, 7 miles southeast of Decatur; 100 acres in cultivation; good new 4 room house, hall, two porches, good well and windmill; 75 acres ready for cultivation, balance pasture land, plenty timber for fire wood an everlasting creek on land; big bargain at \$45 per acre.

850 acre adjoining the above 298; will sell the entire 1148 acres in one body, at \$35 per acre, or separate as stated.

700 acres 10 miles southeast of Decatur; 350 in cultivation, well improved well fenced and cross fenced, well, windmill, good house, barns and lots.

320 acres 1 mile east of Decatur, one of the best improved farms in Wise county; 200 acres in cultivation, all black land; price \$60 per acre. Two houses and lots in Decatur—8 room house 3 blocks west of public square, big lot; price \$1600; six-room house, corner lot, 2 blocks east of public square good lot shade trees, barn and cellar; price \$1000. The above properties are owned by me, and I will sell direct, saving the purchaser the land agent's commission. Will trade for anything worth the money as payments on these propositions. Let me know what you have, come and see what I have to offer you. Address J. H. MECASKEY, Decatur, Texas.

And still the subscribers come rolling in to the Messenger. It makes us feel good to know the people appreciate our efforts. We are striving for that 5000 mark, and before the good year 1911 is numbered with the "has been's" we hope to have reached the goal.

H. H. Halsell left yesterday for Chillicothe, where he will be joined by his wife and children, and then they will go on a pleasure trip through Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, being away until about Sept. 10.

Alta Vista ice cream with strawberry, pineapple and cherry fruits, nuts and chocolate every day at the City Bakery.

Louie Schulky returned from Devol, Okla., Tuesday, where he went in answer to a telegram stating that his brother, Will, had been struck by a bolt of lightning and killed. Will Schulky, in company with another man had gone down into the country after a load of fruit, and while they were sitting on the wagon in the orchard a bolt of lightning struck Mr. Schulky in the top of the head and killed him instantly. He was buried at Devol.

Miss Alma Hutcherson, saleslady at the Red Store, is enjoying her vacation visiting relatives and friends in Dallas and Denton. Miss Alma is one of the most popular salesladies in the city, pleasing, courteous and accommodating to her customers, and she is held in high esteem by all for her splendid traits of character. Such young ladies draw about them friends and they join the Messenger in wishing her a most enjoyable time during her vacation period.

Frank J. Ford, commander of the sons of confederates organization here, informs us that he will call a meeting of the command in a short while to perfect plans to assist the confederates with the next annual reunion, which no doubt will be the biggest affair ever held in the county. Some big improvements will be made in the grounds, and a neat band stand will be erected in the center of the parade ground. There will be more attractions, more people and more stands and the like at the next gathering at Joe Wheeler park than ever before.

YOU KNOW WHO IS
GUARDING
MONEY
WHEN IT
IS IN



A national bank is an absolutely safe place to put your money because the United States government examines regularly all national banks. Ask our patrons how we treat them.

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City National Bank
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Capital and Surplus - - - \$90,000.00

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PER 100**

You can get the VERY BEST
FEED FOR HOGS
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HOG FLOUR

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Seed for fall sowing—Winter Barley, White Oats, and Wheat

DO YOU

want to be able to pick up new song and sing it correctly at sight?

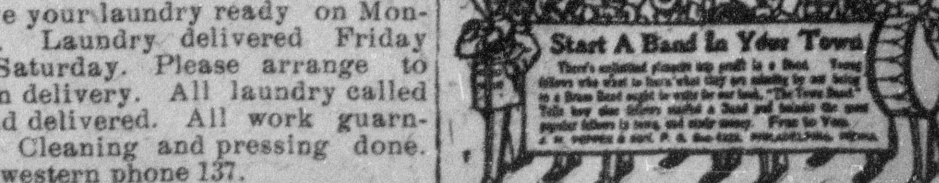
The Cornelius Normal Musical Institute
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DICKSON & SMITH.



There are some people who would rather wear a wart than no badge at all. It doesn't take the farmer who is in the city sight-seeing long to get sick.

GERALD'S WIFE

A Misunderstanding and a Happy Explanation.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Broderick swung off the 4:35 express, walked quickly up the steps leading from the railroad platform and took his first look at Pineville. Those who lived in Pineville proper were content to call it Pineville. Gerald had written that they did not live in Pineville proper, but in Pineville-by-the-Sea, otherwise Pineville improper.

All that Broderick saw were pines, plenty of them, a flat white ribbon of roadway and a bit of a postoffice, roughly shingled, in the midst of the nearest clump of pines. He stepped into the postoffice as the central spot of civilization. Some one was stamping letters behind the glass inclosure, a girl with smooth dark hair. Beatrice had smooth dark hair.

He watched the girl stamping letters with interest and wondered why some one did not tell her to wear her smooth dark hair in two soft braids around her head, crown fashion, as Beatrice did.

"Where do the Vaughans live, please?" he asked finally, when the stamping ceased.

"The Vaughans? Oh, Mr. Gerald Vaughan and his wife? It's a brown house down near the shore, with a wide veranda and a funny roof. About a mile straight down the road."

A wide veranda and a funny roof. That sounded like Gerald. He wondered how Gerald's wife liked it. Beatrice was artistic, but not artistically eccentric. She had a horror of things odd, bizarre, so called bohemian, and yet she had married Gerald. And Gerald's brother knew that Gerald was utterly odd, bizarre and bohemian, so called.

He walked on down the flat white ribboned roadway and wondered whether he would find her like the girls Gerald had always admired. A lonesome, limp, blessed damozel type, with close silky gowns and loose floppy hair. Last summer she had not been that type. He thought of the trim girl figure holding the rudder of the Water Lily that last day. She had been more than the sort of a girl to fall in love with. She had been a good fellow, a stanch friend. And as he watched her he had stopped rowing, and they had drifted slowly in the sunset glow that flooded the lake while he told her.

There had been no actual engagement. He had nothing to reproach her with. He had not been in a position to ask her to be his wife then, but he had thought a girl like Beatrice had meant more by a kiss, a hand clasp, a few vague words of understanding, than other girls. He had thought she would wait until next summer. And now, in April, he had returned to New York to learn that Gerald was in disgrace, had married on nothing, eloped to Pineville-by-the-Sea, N. C., and his wife was Beatrice Stafford.

Gerald's mother had said they were penniless. Gerald's father had remarked that he didn't give a rap. They could exist upon love and art.

More or less for Beatrice's sake and a little for Gerald's, Gerald's brother had taken it upon himself to visit the bridal couple and help Gerald. Smothering his own love, he had made up his mind that as long as Beatrice had married a Vaughan she should not suffer from it.

There was no bell at the door of the little brown house with the funny roof. It was merely a hungalow in weathered shingles, and he pounded on the door lustily until it opened and Beatrice stood before him.

She was not the blessed damozel type yet. Her smooth dark hair was wound about her head in just the same crown fashion, and she wore a short dark blue linen skirt and a white shirt waist. The sleeves were rolled to her elbows, and from her finger tips to elbow dimples there was flour sprinkled. He had not expected to see her face to face so soon or alone. Neither had he expected her to act as she did. The color rose in her cheeks, tipping even her ears with pink. It was an old habit. He remembered it.

"I thought you were in London," she said.

"You don't give a fellow a very decent welcome after he's traveled from London to this wilderness to say congratulations."

He stepped into the hall after her. She hesitated and laughed, looking at her floured hands.

"I can't shake hands with you, and—and the biscuits are in the oven. I shall have to watch them. Do you mind coming out to the kitchen?"

He didn't mind. There appeared to be only three rooms—the studio sitting room, the dining room and the kitchen. Collapsible ready-in-a-minute studio divans were in the sitting room and dining room in lieu of bedrooms. It was all charmingly, most uncomfortably

odd, bizarre and bohemian.

"Where's Gerald?" he asked when he had found a chair in the kitchen. Beatrice knelt beside the stove to look at the biscuit. He could not see her face.

"He went to the postoffice for the last mail. You must have missed him."

"Well, what ever made him come to this lost corner?"

"Oh, because it was the chance of something definite, you know! Don't you know?" she added quickly, seeing the puzzled look on his face. "Well,

Gerald's chum, Netherby Ames, broke all to pieces last fall from overwork and so on, and he was ordered down here. And he couldn't afford to come and stay indefinitely, so he pulled a few wires, and things happened. He was made postmaster here at Pineville. And he got lonesome and healthy and worked again a month ago, so Gerald's in his place, and he's in New York. Don't you see? It was really very definite and businesslike and right under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly, under the circumstances," agreed Broderick. "So old Gerry's postmaster instead of artist."

"Both," she corrected. "He has lots of time to study, and it's good for him—the responsibility, I mean. You wouldn't know him."

"I suppose not," assented Broderick meekly. He tried to reconcile his little circle of the universe, to make the chaotic jumble fall into place and harmonize. Gerald, Gerald the helpless, erratic, fantastic, irrational, joyous hearted, penniless artist, a person of matrimonial responsibility, a postmaster! But then he remembered the young smooth haired person stamping letters. Of course Gerald had found his usual way out of the difficulty. He had hired some Pineville lass to do the heavy work, and he drew the salary. It was like Gerald. But there was Beatrice, Beatrice making biscuit. He looked at her with troubled eyes, seeing endless vistas of Beatrices making biscuit throughout the years.

"Don't you miss New York?"

"Oh, so much!" she said. "I'll never be happy until I get back."

"Have you given up your own work?"

"Only for the time being. I shall take it up again, of course. I shall have to."

Broderick's hands tightened in a sudden grip. So she was to work again, turn out her endless succession of little wash illustrations for second rate monthly magazines. Gerald would not mind, would not see the point. He would think he was being broadminded and bohemian to let his wife carry on her own art irrespective of him. But Beatrice saw the point.

He rose from his chair suddenly, his face white with the anger and love he had smothered. Before he could stop himself the words came leaping to his lips:

"Why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

She stood beside the little bare kitchen table, her face raised to his, her eyes bright with startled wonderment at his tone.

"Why did you marry Gerald?"

"Marry Gerald! I?" Some one was coming along the white roadway. From the kitchen window two figures could be seen, and she pointed to them. "There is Gerald, and that is his wife, my sister Barbara. I am merely attendant star to the honeymoon. They brought me along to—well, to make the biscuit."

A minute later and Broderick met the bridal couple on the wide veranda under the funny roof. The bride was the girl with the smooth dark hair who had been stamping letters, and she laughed at him.

"I knew who you were, but I wanted Gerald all to myself, and I knew Beatrice would take care of you."

"She did," answered Broderick happily, and as the rest went into the house he paused to brush off traces of flour from his coat collar. But Beatrice burned the biscuit.

Bad Handwriting.

Sheridan's writing was a scandal to his school and puzzled the town. He once wrote a "pass" to Drury Lane, and the doorkeeper stopped its bearer and immediately pronounced it to be a forgery because he could decipher it. To make matters worse, Sheridan was also uncertain in his spelling. A "which," a "where" and a "whether" in his hands, for instance, were as often as not deprived of their "itches," and a "thing" was to him always a "think" and nothing more. The atrocious writing of celebrities recalls the claim once made on behalf of Baron Bramwell that he wrote three hands—one which he alone could read, another which his clerk could read and he couldn't and a third, which nobody could read, and the last named was his usual style. The writing master of the elder Dumas attributed the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo to a badly scrawled message to Grouchy which was wrongly interpreted. The Duke of Wellington wrote an equally bad "list." Lord Palmerston was such a stickler for legibility of script that he would send a dispatch halfway around the world to have it clearly re-

written.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Colors and Smells.

A celebrated chemist in Paris publishes the following concerning the relations of colors and smells:

Black of all colors absorbs smells most freely. Dark blue, green, yellow and red follow. White is least liable to absorb smells; hence its preference for nurses and cooks.

The scientist tells of a famous tenor whose voice loses all its timbre the moment he smells lilacs. Lilacs in a room are liable to take his breath away.

Other scientists contribute these strange facts:

A young Italian girl suffering from hysteria and unable to sleep was cured by the application of musk to her nostrils, musk having the same effect upon her as a powerful narcotic.

A famous Italian surgeon, Scalliger, was nearly frightened to death when he accidentally inhaled the odor of a lily.

The Princess Lamballe got cramps when she smelled violets, and Catherine I. of Russia swooned when she saw a rose.—Baltimore News.

FRENCH LEGAL METHODS.

The Reconstruction of a Crime and an Added Tragedy.

The archaic reconstruction of a crime, which is a feature of French judicial procedure, outlives all ridicule. And yet an extraordinary case which happened a few days ago at Senlis should of itself suffice to make the reconstruction of the crime an impossibility in the future.

A man had a quarrel with a friend and had shot him dead from his window as he was passing in the street. The other day the murderer, with handcuffs on his wrists, was taken from prison to the room from a window of which he had shot and killed his former friend. On the way from prison the crowd had booed and yelled at the murderer, and the man was all of a tremble when he got up to his room. He was given an unloaded gun and told to show the magistrate just how he had committed the murder. He took the gun, climbed on the foot of his bed, and, standing on the rail as he had stood when he shot down into the street, leaned forward and took aim. But he was very nervous. He was hampered by his handcuffs. His foot slipped, and he toppled head first out of the window into the street below and broke his neck.—Paris Letter in London Express.

Next Season's Skirts.

The Ladies' Tailors' association, which was in annual session in New York recently, wrestled with the skirt problem, but the question as to the cut and width of that garment for the coming season was not decided. It was left with a style committee, which is still deliberating. No report has been made, but hints have been dropped to the effect that the "freak skirts" will have no place in fall and winter styles. Commenting on this, a fashionable dressmaker said: "These people may argue, demonstrate and write to their hearts' content, but what they say and do will have little weight, for the time has not yet come when we can create styles for women in this country. The fashionable skirt next season will be what it has always been—made in Paris."—New York Tribune.

Peru's Cotton.

In an article on the cotton production of Peru published in "Peru of Today" J. A. Lavalle of Garcia says: "The harvests obtained from cotton in Peru greatly surpass those of other countries. Practically one may take as an average of Peruvian production per acre 484.4 pounds against the highest average in the United States of America of 308 pounds, in Egypt of 390.4 pounds and India of seventy pounds per acre." Because of the great yield and its "tremendous improvements" the writer thinks that Peru is the country "of all the world which offers the best conditions for the industry today, and these conditions are capable of betterment not alone in the direction of increased zones of cultivation, but in that of intensive cultivation as well."

Downfall on Vesuvius.

On March 12 last a part of the rim of the latest crater formed on Mount Vesuvius fell in, and the descending mass, nearly 1,000 feet in length and 80 in thickness, was so enormous that a distinct shock of earthquake was felt around about the mountain. The accident has produced another change in the ever variable outline of the summit of Vesuvius, and the volcano is described as now having the appearance of being decapitated, the crater looking notably lower than it did before.

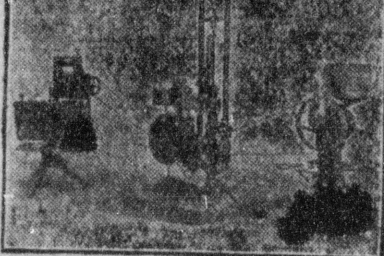
Cooking Green Peas.

Put your green peas, pods and all, into the kettle and cook them the usual length of time. When they are done the pods will break and rise to the surface, while the peas may be found at the bottom of the kettle. They have a finer flavor cooked in this way.—National Magazine.

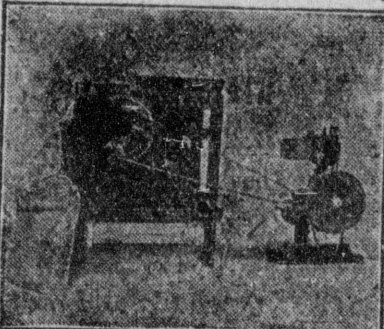
We Want Every Farmer in This Community to Know All About This Wonderful FARM PUMP ENGINE and PORTABLE POWER PLANT

Crowds of farmers have visited our Exhibition Rooms just to see this wonderful Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine about which they have read so much in their farm papers. We want EVERY farmer to come.

We show this engine doing the work just as it does on the farm. We have it hooked up with a force pump and demonstrate how it runs all kinds of hand power machinery. We show how it can be moved about with a wheelbarrow—how it can be attached to any pump in less than five minutes. How easy it is to start and stop—how much work it does on a small amount of gasoline.



Engine Running Washer, Separator and Pump



Running Fanning Mill



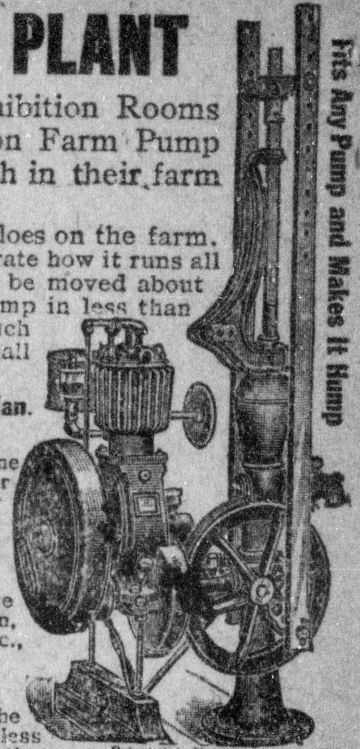
Running Grindstone

Works Like a Hired Man. at Small Cost

The Farm Pump Engine is a perfect little wonder for work. Cold weather—even down to 40° below zero makes no difference with this Hired Man. It pumps water for house, barn or feed yard; runs the cream separator, churn, washer, feed grinder, etc., in a hurry.

Helps Women Folks

The little engine helps the women do the washing in less than one-fourth the usual time. Hooked up with the wood saw it will cut up the winter's fuel supply.



Patented in U. S. A. June 15, 1909. Also Dominion of Canada Sept. 6, 1910, and other foreign countries. Other patents applied for.

Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine

Pumps 400 to 1,000 Gallons Per Hour!

All the water you want—water at the right temperature, not ice water—wherever and whenever you want it. The Farm Pump Engine costs less to run than a boiler, some tank heater and insures a reliable water supply for all the needs of the farm.

Just a word about the engine itself: It is as high grade in material and workmanship as best automobile engines. It is perfectly air cooled and self oiled. Cannot freeze or overheat. Tank holds day's fuel. Comes complete—all ready to bolt to pump and start to work. No "extras." No cement foundations or special platforms. Needs no belts, jacks, walking beam or traveling arms.

Bring the Family. See this wonderful little engine at work. Right now is the time you should get one of these engines. Costs less than a good windmill. Does ten times as much work. Be sure you see this engine next time you come to town.

Peninger, Helm & Dillehay

Pastor Russell's Sermons

An Exclusive Messenger Feature
Entertaining
Instructive

The Messenger went to extra expense to secure the exclusive rights to publish a series of sermons of this world-famed pastor. No other paper in this community has these rights. The greatest publications throughout the world are now running the series. Sixth of series today.

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We now represent four of the STRONGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES in the United States, and can please you in any kind of fire insurance.

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Dickson and Smith will Remove the Picnic from your clothes, Cleaning and pressing neatly done.

No Well Too Deep for This Farm Pump Engine

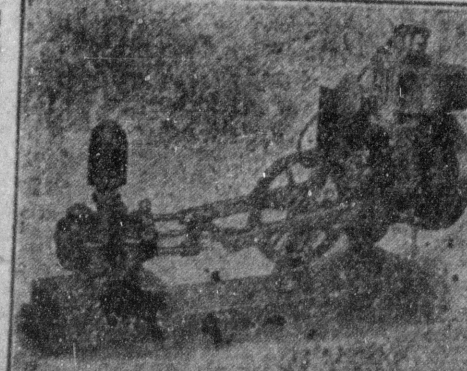
No Weather Cold Enough to Freeze It—No Hours Too Long for It to Work

At last we have found a pump engine that serves all the needs of the farmer and does it in the best possible manner. We investigated a score or more different makes and designs of portable engines to find the one best suited for our customers. We selected the Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine. It is the most wonderful portable engine made.

400 to 1,000 Gallons Per Hour Think of it! All the fresh water you want at any time or any place. Works in any well, regardless of depth. This farm pump engine completely solves the perplexing problem of Water Supply for the farm in winter as well as summer. Pumps all the water needed for the house, dairy, barn, feed lot and pasture in a few hours. Costs less to operate than a tank heater and eliminates all bother and trouble.

**FULLER & JOHNSON
Farm Pump Engine**

Plenty of Power for Complete Water System



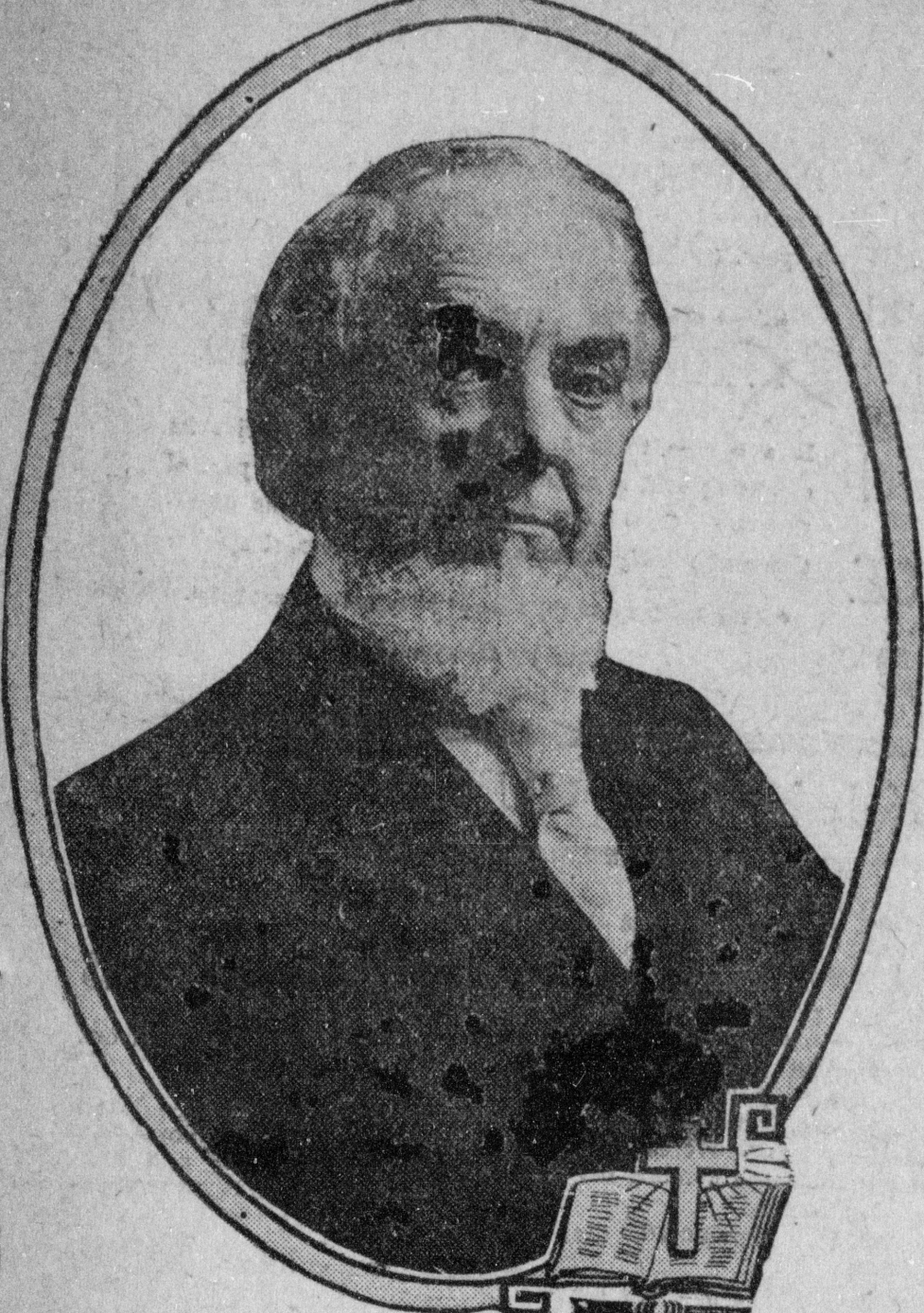
Just the thing for volume pump, pressure pump or tank system. Affords ample power for small Electric Lighting Plant.

Works ditch pump and spraying outfits perfectly. **Handiest Little Worker on the Farm** Ensuring a reliable water supply for the farm is but one of the ways the Farm Pump Engine proves its superiority. It has pulley for running any kind of hand or foot power machinery. It helps the women folks in the dairy and laundry. Runs the grindstone, feed mill, tanning mill, etc., for the most. Does the work of two extra hired men.

See the Little Wonder at Work

You have read all about this engine in your Farm Papers but you cannot fully realize what a wonderful little worker it is until you see it in action. We show it at our exhibition rooms, doing exactly the kind of work you would expect it to do on your farm. Bring in the whole family and look it over. It is worth a special trip to town. Be sure and come in.

Peninger, Helm Dillehay



GEHENNA FIRE!

"Where Their Worm Dieth Not and the Fire Is Not Quenched."

Pastor Russell Leads an Exploration Party of Toronto Bible Students in a Critical Investigation of "Gehenna," Stripped of Superstitious Accretions, He Declares It "the Second Death."



Toronto, Canada, July 16.—Pastor Russell lectured here today under the auspices of the "International Bible Students Association." His text was, "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" (Mark ix, 44). He said:—This text has stood in the

and last word translated *hell* in our common English Bible. This word in the Greek is *gehenna*. It occurs but twelve times, as follows—Matthew v, 22, 29, 30; x, 28; xviii, 9; xxiii, 15, 33; Mark ix, 43, 45, 47; Luke xii, 5; James iii, 6. To what does this word *gehenna* refer? Is it a name for Purgatory? Or is it a name for a still worse place of unending torture as our Protestant creeds declare? We answer, no. It is a figure of speech used to symbolize the Second Death—the death from which there will be no resurrection—the everlasting destruction mentioned by St. Paul.

The Greek word *gehenna* is the synonym for the Hebrew word *Ge-hinnom*, which means, "The valley of Hinnom." This valley is repeatedly mentioned in the Bible. The first reference to it is in Joshua xv, 8. At a time when the Israelites became sadly involved in idolatry, this valley was used as a sacred place. An image of the heathen god, Moloch, was erected and Israelites offered their children as sacrifices to the idol.

Later, lest the people should again revert to such atrocious customs, the valley was desecrated. It became a dumping place for the filth of Jerusalem. Dead animals and it is claimed some of the vilest criminals, after execution, were thrown therein, the worms feeding upon them.

No one sought to hinder the worms from making a complete destruction. In the bottom of the valley fires were kindled for the consumption of the waste debris, and brimstone was added that the fumes might destroy any germs of disease. This was the *gehenna* of our Lord's day. He uses it as illustrating the Second Death, which will be the portion of all wilful sinners. He used it also in connection with other symbols, in the book of Revelation, where He explains it to mean the Second Death.

This expression, "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," signifies that the destruction of the class represented would be complete, that nothing would interfere to save them from destruction. Adamic death will be destroyed, as the Scriptures declare. Christ died that He might have the rightful authority to destroy Adamic death and uplift all of Adam's race who will accept His favor back to all that was lost in Adam, and redeemed at Calvary. But the Second Death is a friend to all who love righteousness, since it will utterly destroy such as have love or sympathy for sin and refuse to be obedient to the Divine will after full enlightenment.

No doubt the youngster has the sand. See how his jaw is set. His dad's a filibuster, and His ma's a suffragette. —Lippincott's.

Her Future Husband—I'm afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I've saved up.

Mrs. Reno-Freed (cheerfully)—Never mind, dear. A wedding trip only happens once in three or four years.—Boston Transcript.

One thing you'll find when you are up—The downers like your sippers. But even they with you won't sup When you are on your uppers.

There is serious overcrowding in the theatrical profession in Austria, the consequence in part of the adoption of the profession by girls of well to do families who wish to be publicly admired. A statement from the stage society shows that only 2 per cent of the actresses of the country earn over \$200 a month and that only 14 per cent earn over \$60.

Practical. He—If I should kiss you I suppose you'd go and tell your mother? She—No; my lawyer.—Boston Transcript.

of God's people for centuries. by God's grace, this sermon shall even one here present out of this terrible nightmare of the Dark Ages, I shall feel fully repaid. And the publication of this sermon in more than a thousand newspapers, I may hope, will clarify the vision of many. To whatever extent it shall sweep away the cobwebs of error and bring enlightenment of mind, it will surely bring an increase of rest and of love to the Creator and a corresponding blessing and comfort to the believer's heart. As for the worldly, we cannot expect them to understand much of the Divine program now. They must wait for the dawn of the New Dispensation of Messiah's Kingdom, when all the blind eyes shall be opened and all the deaf ears unstopped.

Ge-hinnom—"Gehenna"—Hell. As we have heretofore seen, the only Hebrew word translated *hell*, from Genesis to Malachi, is *sheol*, which is indiscriminately translated *grave*, *pit* and *hell* in our common version of the Bible—and the greater number of times *grave*—its proper translation. Its Greek equivalent in the New Testament is *hades*, which likewise is indiscriminately translated *grave* and *hell*, but always should be rendered *grave*. No scholar in the world will claim that there is the slightest thought of life or suffering connected with these words.

The Scriptures declare that there is neither wisdom, nor device, nor knowledge in *sheol*—to which all, good and bad, go at death, and remain until the resurrection. In the New Testament the *dead tatarus* occurs once only and is mistranslated *hell*, whereas it should be rendered *our earth's atmosphere*. It has no reference whatever to humanity, but to the fallen angels. The Apostle says that as a punishment "God cast them down to *tartarus*, reserved in chains of darkness until the Judgment of the great Day" (II Peter ii, 4).

Today we will examine the fourth

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Milan Playing Great Game For Washington.



Photo by American Press Association.

Clyde Milan of the Washingtons is now playing the kind of ball that placed his name among the crack outfielders of the country last season.

When Milan is at his best he is no superior as a fielder, and if he were on a winning team he would make them all hustle to beat him as a run getter.

While Milan must be numbered among the good hitters of the league, many of his hits are the result of his great speed in going to first base. It has been his speed this year which has kept his average above the coveted mark, though recently he has been getting his share of clean drives.

Milan on a team which would win half of its games or more would size up well with any fielder in the league, not barring Cobb or Speaker, but on a losing team the players of the Milan type do not have the same number of opportunities to shine, and it is therefore all the more remarkable that Milan should be generally recognized as one of the greatest fielders in the business.

Public Taboos Umpire Baiting.

"In my experience as an umpire I learned to my surprise that the baseball public in practically all the big cities do not care for kicking against decisions," says Jack Doyle. "Conditions have changed since I played the game. In the old days the fans wanted to see aggressive playing, which included the umpires, with the result that there was much disorder. But it has been shown that kicking doesn't pay when umpires can suspend valuable players for three days at a time. The fans don't like to have their teams weakened in this manner, and consequently they have frowned on the kickers. An umpire can do better work if let alone. Even if a few decisions are incorrect they even up in the long run. It is also true that an umpire who knows that he is going to receive a square deal from players and public will do his level best to be impartial. If an umpire is insulted it is human nature for him to nurse a grievance, and it is hard for him to keep from squaring accounts."

Runner Medlund to Rest Up.

It is pleasing to note that Oscar F. Medlund has decided to quit racing for a time. He has been running almost continuously since last winter and wants a much needed rest. Clarence H. Delmar, the wonderful distance runner of the North Dorchester A. A., who has done what few winners of the American Marathon run have ever done in winning so many contests in such a short space of time after the B. A. A. event, also intends to retire for a short time. There is no Marathoner in this country who has such a grand chance of making the American Olympic team which goes to Sweden next year. It is the hope of all New Englanders interested in athletics that he will follow his intention of not competing until the fall at least.

Joe Jackson Great Slugger.

Joe Jackson of the Cleveland Naps has been three years in baseball and has played in four different leagues. In each organization he led all hands in batting. He started with Greenville in the Carolina league and topped the field with a batting average of .346. With Savannah he led with .358, and

The News in the County

ALVORD

Rev. Hines is in Westoff holding a meeting.

Mrs. Cherry visited in Decatur last week.

Terrel Collins and Jim B. Thomas moved their supply of general merchandise to New Castle.

Mrs. Massie and daughter, Maxine, and sister, Miss Mattie Thomas, of Ft. Worth, visited J. B. Thomas and wife this week.

S. M. Covington was in Ft. Worth last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hamlett, of Ft. Worth, spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hamlett.

Mrs. Daisy Kennedy, of New Ark, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wiley Jones.

Wiley Jones and wife are moving to Memphis.

John Carter and family of Wichita Falls are spending a few days friends here. They are on their way home from Alabama.

Miss Tena alayton is home from Memphis.

G. W. Layton, of Sunset was here Friday.

Alvord had two very interesting ball games last week. Thursday with Gun Lake resulting in a score of 6 to 1, Alvords favor; Friday with Bellevue, the most interesting game we have had, resulted in a victory for Alvord.

Rev. Keller, of Oklahoma, preached at the Baptist church last Thursday and Friday nights.

Mrs. McCraray and children, of Bellevue are visiting T. B. Brite and wife.

D. Speer and wife are visiting their son in Bowie.

Mrs. H. L. Sands has returned home after a two weeks visit in Burk Burnett.

Rufus Williams and family are back from Colorado.

Miss Mamie Griffith has gone to Lelia Lake where she will begin her school the 7th of Aug.

Miss Oma Hollabaugh was in Decatur several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stagg are visiting in Bellevue and Wichita Falls.

with New Orleans he was the pace-maker with .354. Last year with Cleveland in twenty games he led the American league, beating out Cobb and Lajole with .387 per cent. Jackson's grand average during his short career is .362 per cent.

Michigan Gets New Athletic Star.
Indiana will send a football star to Michigan next season. He is "Big Boy" Phelps, at present the all around athletic star of the Shortridge High school, Indianapolis. Phelps is said to be a greater football player than the famous Dave Allerdice.

INSULTS IN GERMANY.

Calling a Native an Englishman Is Punished With a Fine.

According to a New York lawyer who recently returned from Berlin, even the mildest sort of personal epithets are dangerous things to use in Germany. The use of pet names of the same class as our "gink" or "bone-head" may land the author in the courts, and if found guilty he is liable to a fine.

"A certain Dr. Elssel, hailing from Bohemia," said the New Yorker, "has just prosecuted in the courts a rival who had beat him at chess for the offense of beleidigung. Beleidigung means 'offense' or 'insult.' Daily you read of cases of hitherto stainless citizens being fined for using such abuse as 'good for nothing,' 'loafer' and 'sheep's head.' Recently a policeman was prosecuted for calling a man whose address he was taking a 'fellow' (kerl). Not until there had been two appeals and trials in three different instances was the prosecutor satisfied. The man who beat Dr. Elssel at chess was even more obscenely vituperative, for he hurled at his horrified enemy the intolerable epithet 'Englaender.'"

"In court Dr. Elssel characterized this insult as 'severe' and declared that he was not an Englishman and had never been in England. He was merely an Anglomaniac, who wore English clothes, had a son at an English school and had learned 'boxen.' The court gave him a verdict, and the offender, therefore, was fined."—New York Mail.

It's no trouble for bees to keep sweet with each other.

Miss Joetta Martin, of Clarendon, is visiting the family of W. O. Speer and wife.

J. B. Williams and wife were in Sunset Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemay have gone to New Castle on a visit.

Mrs. Veal and Pauline Davis, of Sunset, were in Alvord Sunday.

Paradise

Mrs. Newt Dodd is in the sanitarium at Ft. Worth where she underwent an operation.

Mrs. Livingston and daughter, Miss Pearl, and Miss Mae Portwood, of Boyd, were here, the guest of friends Saturday and Sunday.

Henry Golaz and daughters, Miss Launa and Mrs. Dee May were in Ft. Worth last week.

Post-master Williams and wife of Boyd were here Sunday.

Mrs. Dill Lindsey and little daughter, is visiting her son in Amarillo.

Whitt Lindsey and wife, of Fort Worth, were here Sunday.

Mr. Walker and wife were in Decatur Tuesday on a visit to relatives.

Messrs. Joe and Alf Brown were in Decatur Tuesday.

Miss Annie Morris has returned from a visit to Corpus Christi.

Miss Myrtle Lindsey has returned home from Bryson.

Bob Cates and son, of near Decatur, and Miss Joe Cates, of Duncan, Okla., were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Davis last Sunday.

Mrs. John Harris is visiting her son in Ft. Worth.

Mrs. Dickson, who has been visiting relatives here, has returned to her home in Tennessee.

Mrs. Butler, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to her home in Dallas.

Alfred Morris and wife, of Winsboro, are here the guest of Mr. Morris' mother.

Some people have the knack of stretching the truth without breaking their word.

There is quite a difference between carrying a girl's picture in your watch and bringing her to time

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Elegy Written in a Country Road.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea.

The plowman homeward rides, and on the way

He gayly toots his auto horn at me.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The boast of limousine and much horsepower

And all that engine and magneto spell

Await alike the inevitable hour—

The paths of speeding lead you to the cell.

—New York Mail.

Here lies his head upon the lap of earth.

A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.

The auto hit him for all it was worth

And then sped on and left him there alone.

—Houston Post.

Happy some hoary headed swain may say:

"I seen him when he passed and no-iced how

He seemed to want to hurry on his way.

I got his number, but forgot it now."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Old Dobbin notes the autos whizzing by.

But not one jealous pang they bring to him.

For, though the smell of gasoline is nigh.

He takes to munching grass again with vim.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

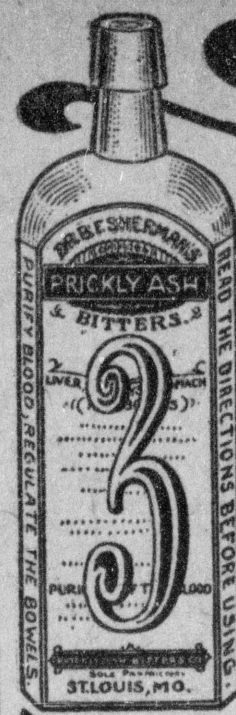
On the Defensive.

A distinguished novelist recently found himself traveling in a train with two very talkative women. Having recognized him from his published portraits, they opened fire upon him in regard to his novels, praising them in a manner which was unendurable to the sensitive author.

Presently the train entered a tunnel, and in the darkness the novelist raised the back of his hand to his lips and kissed it soundly. When the light returned he found the two women regarding one another in icy silence.

Addressing them with great suavity, he said, "Ah, ladies, the one regret of my life will be that I shall never know which of you it was that kissed me."—Edison.

Don't go to a lawyer with anything that is not feasible.



PRICE
\$1.00

For Sale by C. B. GUNN, Decatur

BAD DIGESTION

Biliousness and constipation bring on kidney disease which is the great destroyer of life. The safe course is to remove bilious disorders as soon as they appear.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

Is a system tonic and corrective which carries its cleansing and stimulating influence to every part of the body, drives out impurities, strengthens digestion and quickly restores energy and cheerful spirits.

Get the Genuine with the Figure "3" in Red on Front Label.

Sold by Druggists.

Accurate.

The baby was a week old when it was taken to the corner grocery to be weighed. Most of the women folk of two blocks were present to witness the momentous ceremony.

A warmed blanket was placed on the scale and the baby laid tenderly upon it. The grocer, benevolently important, carefully maneuvered the hanging weight upon the notched bar until the scales balanced.

"Eleven pounds," announced the grocer, beaming.

"That means nine," piped up his young assistant, who was a rapid calculator.—Buffalo Express.

Would Be Reported as It Was.

"Officer," demanded the horrified lady on beholding a curious mob following up a pretty girl, "if you don't arrest that woman in that disgraceful harem skirt I'll report you at headquarters!"

"Begorry, Oi'll be reported as it is," replied the gaping officer, abruptly turning back. "By following with th' crowd Oi've strayed five blocks away from me beat."—Widow.

A Good Reason.

Mother (angrily)—Willie, you positively must get over this habit of wanting something to eat in the night-time. I never do.

Willie—Well, I don't think I'd care to eat anything in the night either if I kept my teeth in a glass of water.—Boston Transcript.

Youth's Wisdom.

The Good Man—Do you know where little boys go who throw stones at birds?

The Bad Boy—Rather! They goes where there is birds. Didn't think they went down in a well, did yer?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Dialect.

"I never use slang," said the precise young woman.

"Yes," replied the self satisfied girl, "I noticed as soon as I heard you hounk that your conversational model was one of those highbrow dialects."—Washington Star.

Why Patrick Henry Said It.

A schoolboy's composition on Patrick Henry contained the following gem: "Patrick was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"—Philadelphia Record.

An Illustration.

"The sweet and sour are strangely mingled in life."

"Yes, indeed. Take a bad crowd, for example, where you're in a pickle because you're in a jam."—Baltimore American.

The Great Service.

Dad Wailee—He never did anything for nobody.

Pop Weeks—You're mistaken. His folks wanted him to take lessons on the cornet and he refused.—Chicago News.

A Ready Instance.

Cholly—On what do you base your argument that women are more clever than men?

Maud—Well, let's take ourselves, for example.—Cornell Widow.

A Day Off.

Sunday School Teacher—Is your pa a Christian, Bobby?

Little Bobby—No'm, not today. He's got the toothache.—Browning's Magazine.

Freakishness is the eccentricity of mediocrity; originality that of genius.

Though a moth is very fond of dress it is not at all particular as to style.

R. A. Kookken, M. D.
C. B. Simmons, M. D.

Drs. Kookken & Simmons

Specialists—Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat
Fort Worth, Texas

Cor. 9th & Houston, Western Nat'l Bank Building. Dr. Simmons has established the first Friday and Saturday of each month as regular practice days in Decatur.

Shoemaker & Hobson

BARBER SHOP

Always Satisfactory Service

Southeast Corner Square, Decatur

Constable's Sale

The state of Texas county of Wise. By virtue of an execution issued out of the honorable justice court of Wise county on the 20th day of July 1911, by the Justice thereof, in the case of Lillard & Co. versus G. W. Clancy, No. 3142, and to me as constable, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for constable's sales, on the First Tuesday in September, 1911, it being the 5th day of said month, before the court house door of said wise county, in the town of Decatur, the following described property to-wit: 100 acres of land situated in wise county, Texas, and described as follows: Beginning at the north corner of a tract of 500 acres formerly owned by M. W. Shoemaker out of said J. W. Crunk survey, thence south 45, east 1136 vrs. to his south corner on N. W. line of a tract owned by W. P. Foster, thence S. 45, W. 500 vrs. thence N. 45, W. 1136 vrs., thence N. 45 E. 500 vrs. to the beginning. Also 76 2-3 acres in wise county, Texas, beginning at the E. corner of a tract owned by Henry Farmer and at a point 1280 vrs. N. 45 E. from the S. corner of said J. W. Crunk survey, thence N. 45 W. 590 vrs. thence N. 45 E. 731 vrs. to S. W. cor. on S. W. line of a tract owned by W. H. Carter, thence S. 45 E. 590 vrs. Carter's S. corner, thence S. 45 W. 731 vrs. to the beginning. Levied on as the property of G. W. Clancy to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$30.00 in favor of Lillard & Co. and costs of suit.

Given under my hand this 27th day of July, 1911. W. M. WORKMAN,
Constable.

Sheriff's Sale

The State of Texas, county of Wise by virtue of a certain execution issued out of the honorable county court of Wise county, on the 29th day of July 1911, by J. P. Williams clerk county court of said county against A. Conn for the sum of four hundred eighty one dollars and 40c (\$481.40) and costs of suit, in cause No 1835 in said court, styled G. R. McClain versus A. Conn and placed in my hands for service, I, Sam Faith as sheriff of Wise county, Texas did on the 29 day of July 1911 levy on certain real estate, situated in Wise county described as follows, to-wit one lot No 11 in block 25 and lot No 5 in block 18 in the town of Boyd Wise county Texas, and levied upon as the property of said A. Conn. And on Tuesday, the fifth day of September 1911 at the court house door of Wise county, in the city of Decatur Texas, between the hours of ten a m and four p m I will sell said real estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said A. Conn by virtue of said levy, and said execution. And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Wise County Messenger, a newspaper published in Wise county.

Witness my hand this 29th day of July 1911. SAM FAITH, sheriff Wise county Texas.